



NO. 7  
DEC. 00024  
74/CDC



**ALL NEW**  
The **FLINTSTONES** STARRING  
**DINO**  
A Hanna-Barbera  
Production



**FRED! HOW LAZY  
CAN YOU GET!!**



00024



227040227 227040227 227040227 227040227

# The Winner. Built by Converse.<sup>®</sup> Just for Sears.



**1** thick, tough  
rubber soles



**2**  
padded  
comfort all  
around



**3** cushioned  
"shock  
absorbers"



**4**  
racing  
stripes



At the  
Shoe Place

**Sears**

Low-Cuts and High-Tops. At larger Sears, Roebuck and Co. retail stores. And in the catalog.



# DINO "STRIKE IT RICH"



DINO Vol. 2, No. 7, December, 1974,  
published bimonthly by Charlton Publications, Inc. at Charlton Building, Division St., Derby, Conn. 06418. 25¢ per copy. Subscription \$1.25  
monthly. Printed in U.S.A. Geo. Wildman, Managing Editor. The stories, characters and incidents portrayed in this periodical are entirely fictitious,  
and no identification with actual persons, living or dead, is intended. This magazine has been produced and sold subject to the restrictions that it shall  
only be resold at retail as published and at full cover price. It is a violation of these stipulations for this magazine to be offered for sale by any vendor  
in a mutilated condition, or at less than full cover price. National Advertising Representatives: Dino, 114 E. 32nd St., New York, N.Y. 10018  
(212-686-8050). © 1974 HANNA-BARBERA PRODUCTIONS, INC. International copyright secured. All rights reserved.

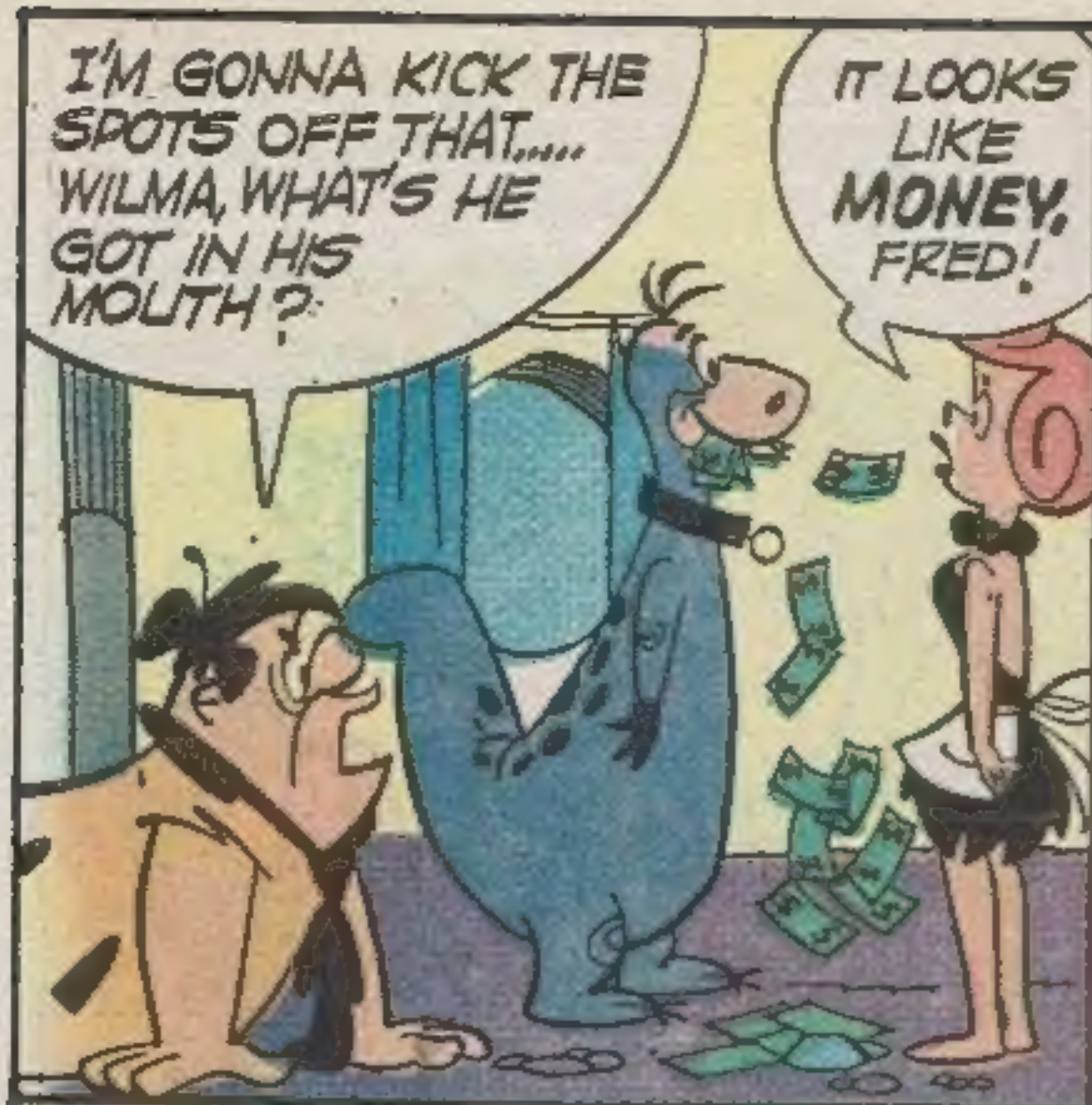


















ARE YOU SURE YOU GOT  
THE RIGHT SPOT, DINO?



OKAY, OKAY... I SEE IT, DINO!  
IT'S A BURLAP BAG!



IT'S FULLA  
MONEY!



I HOPE NOBODY  
SAW US!

GOTTA  
GET IT  
HOME!

WE'RE  
RICH!



WAIT'LL WILMA SEES THIS,  
DINO! SHE'LL FLIP! NOW SHE  
CAN BUY A FUR COAT AND  
A NEW CAR!



WE CAN'T KEEP IT,  
FRED! IT MUST BE  
STOLEN MONEY!

I DIDN'T  
STEAL IT,  
WILMA! DINO  
FOUND IT SO  
IT'S OURS!

WHEN HE  
SAYS OURS..  
DOES THAT  
INCLUDE ME?







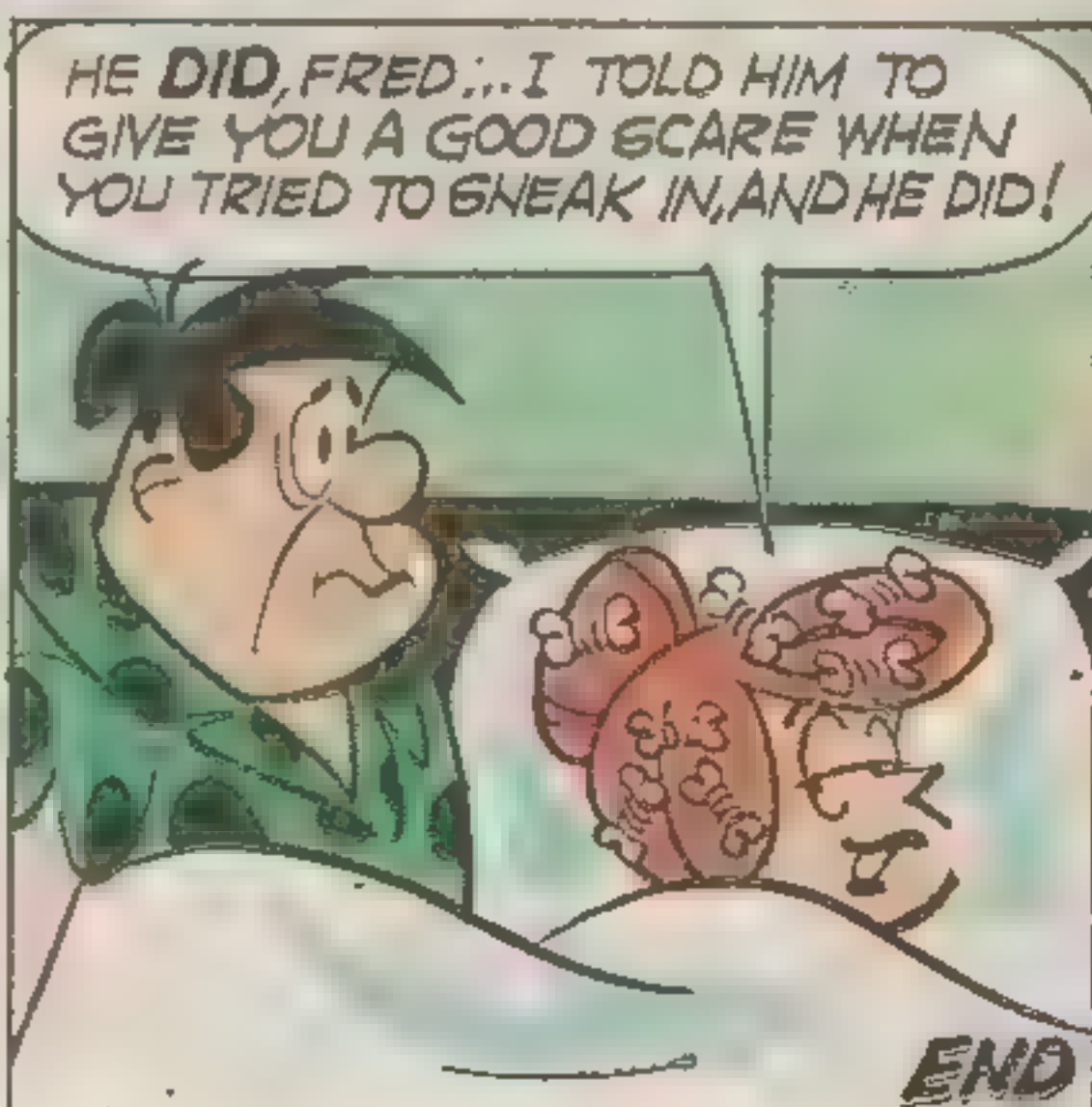
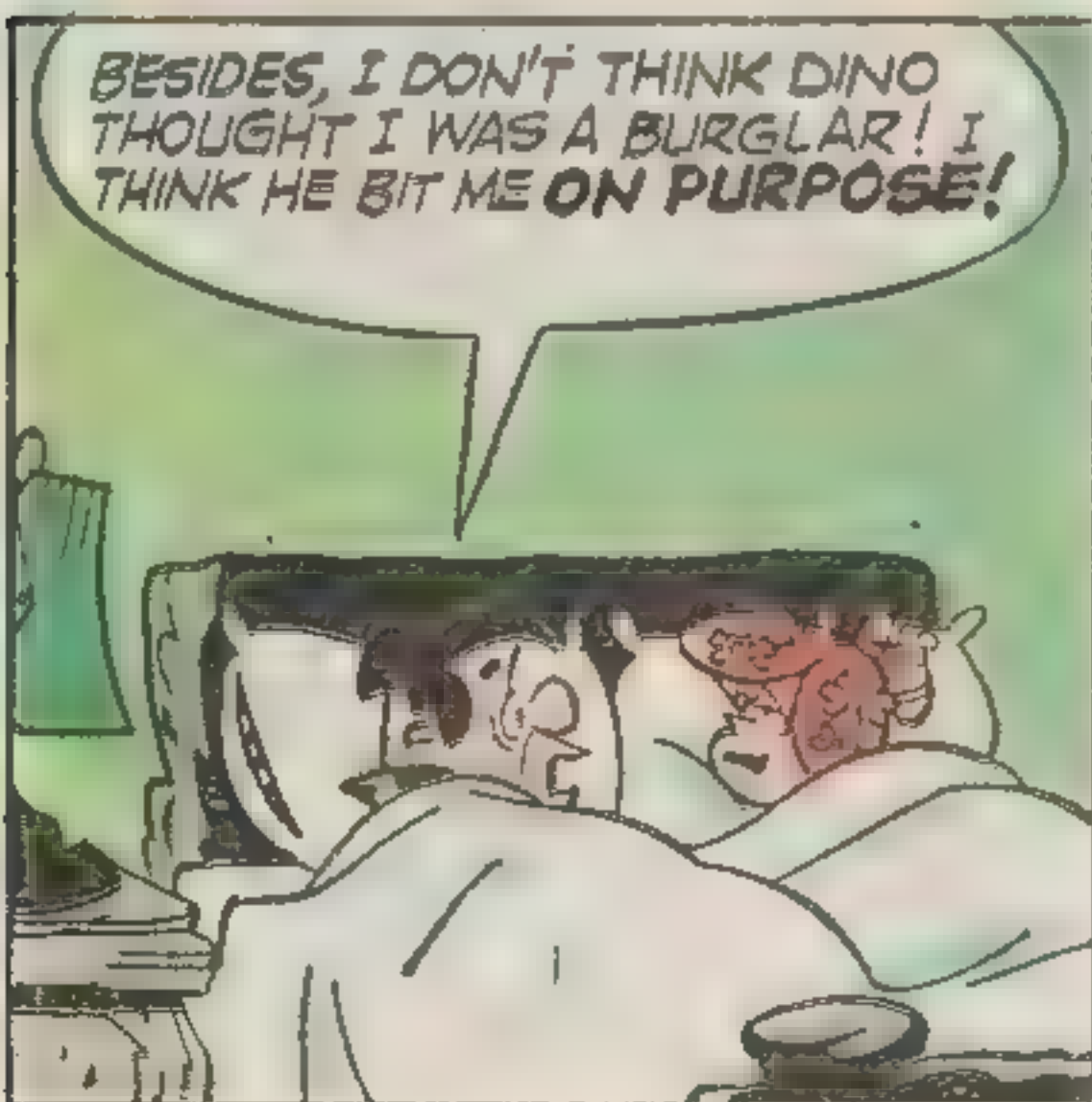
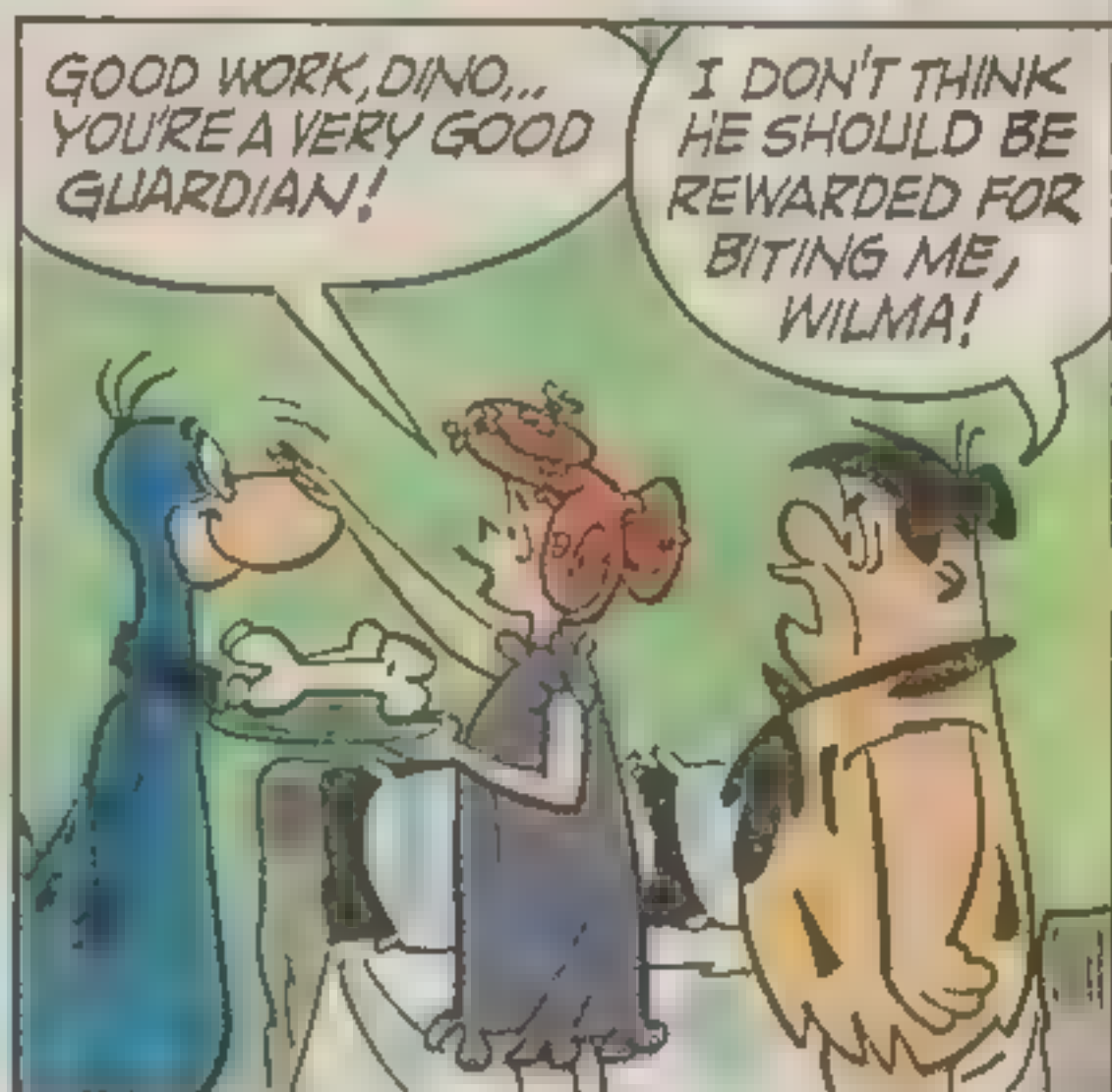
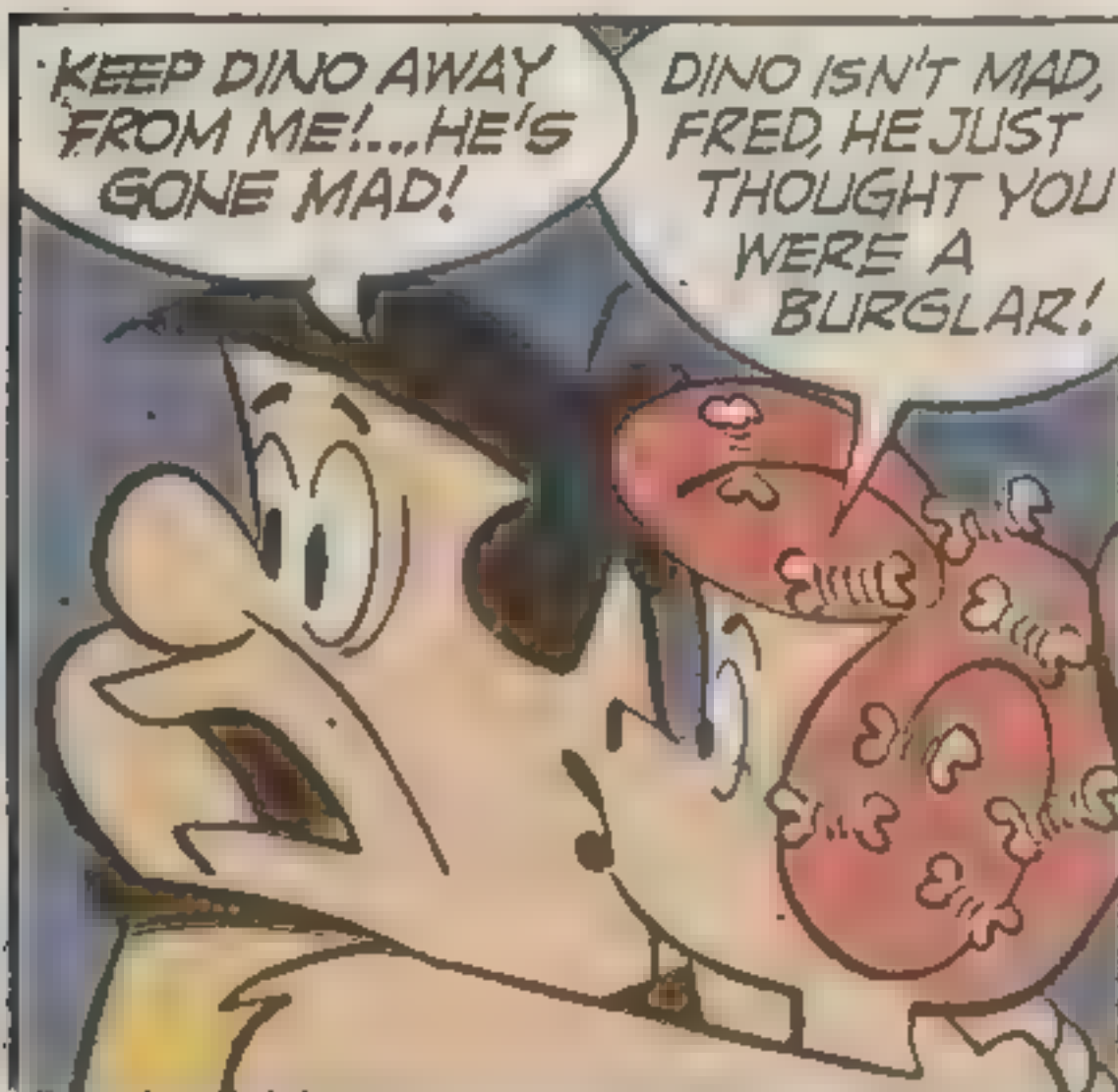
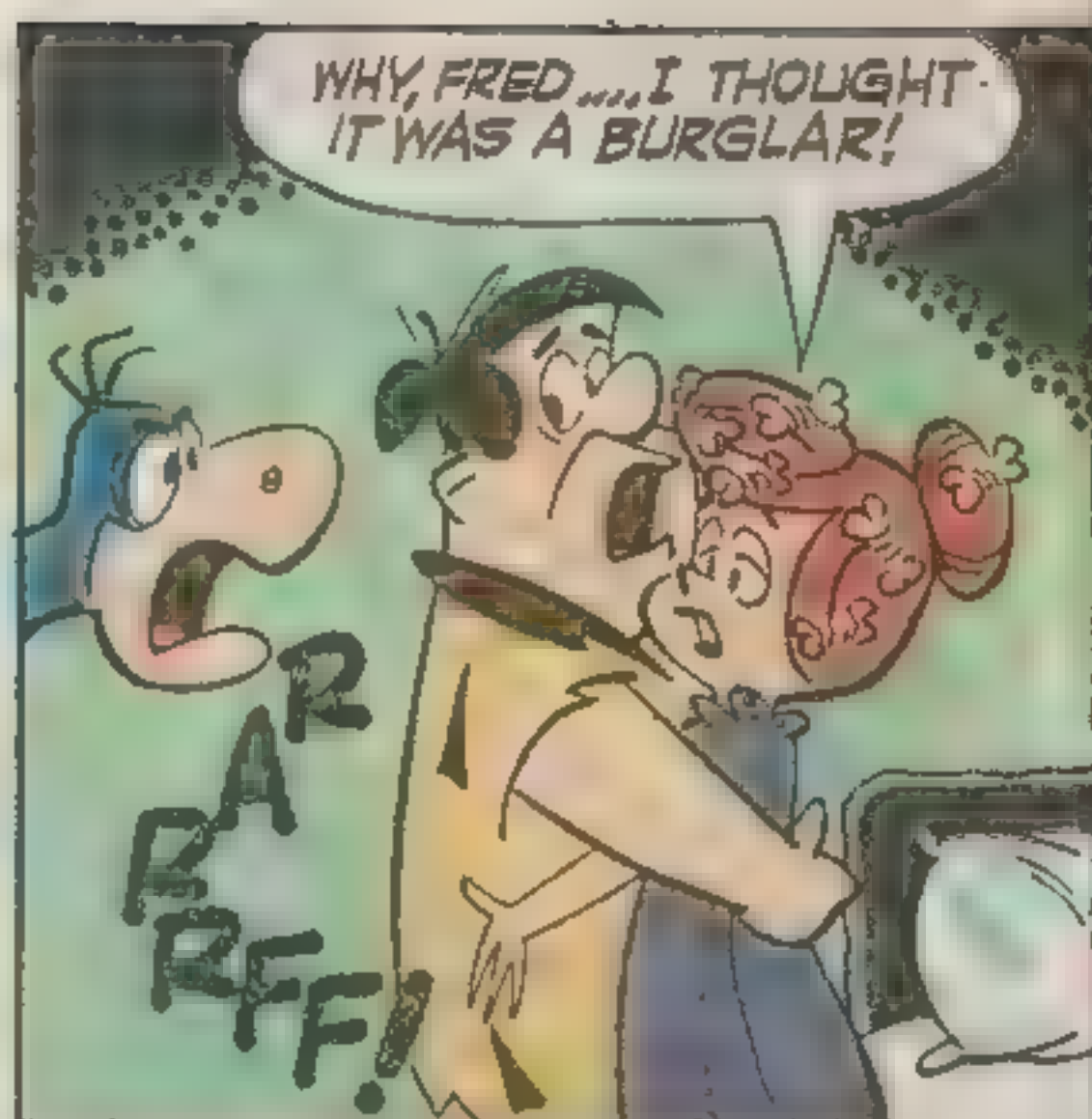
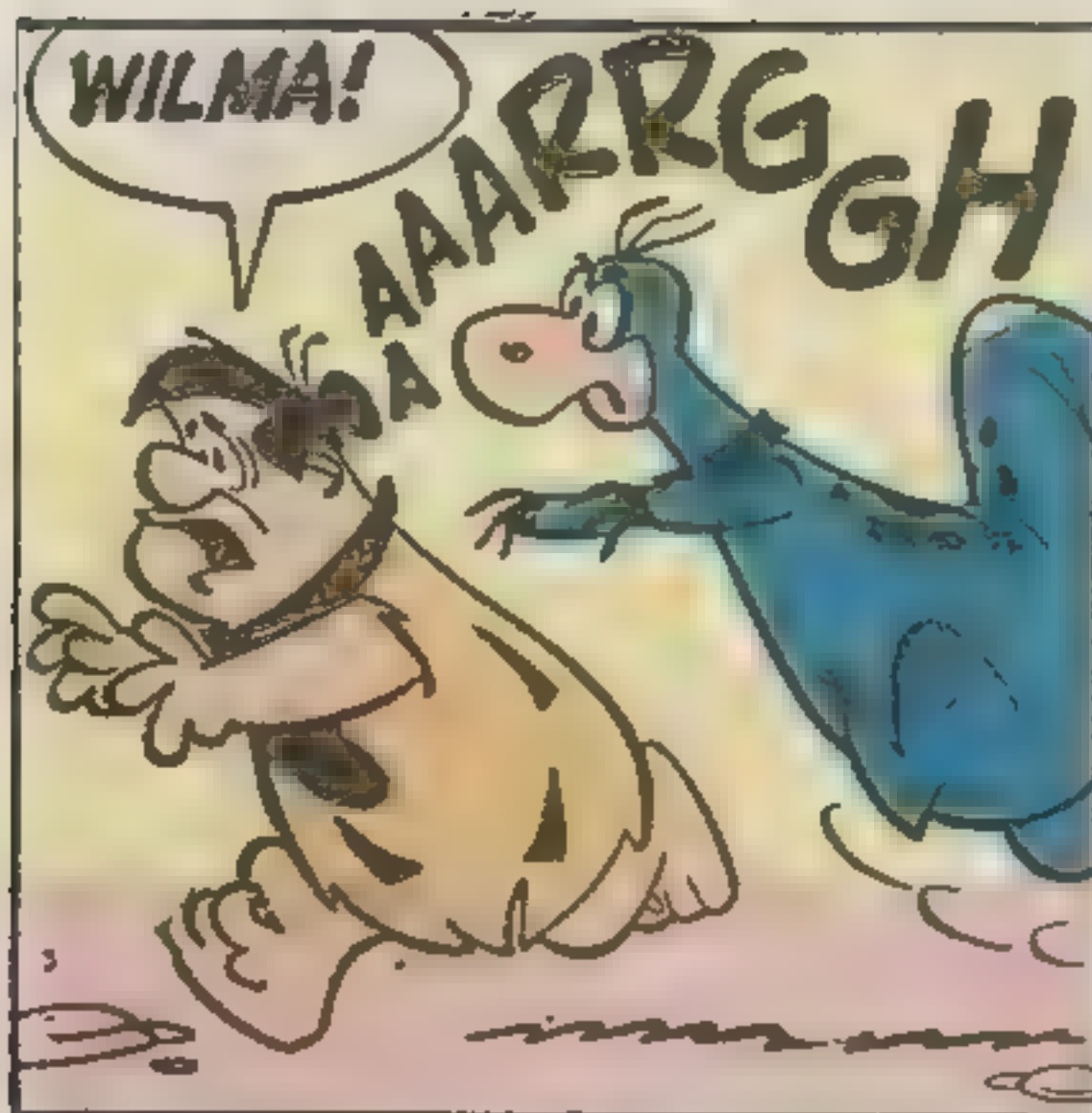


# DINO

## "DOES HIS DUTY"





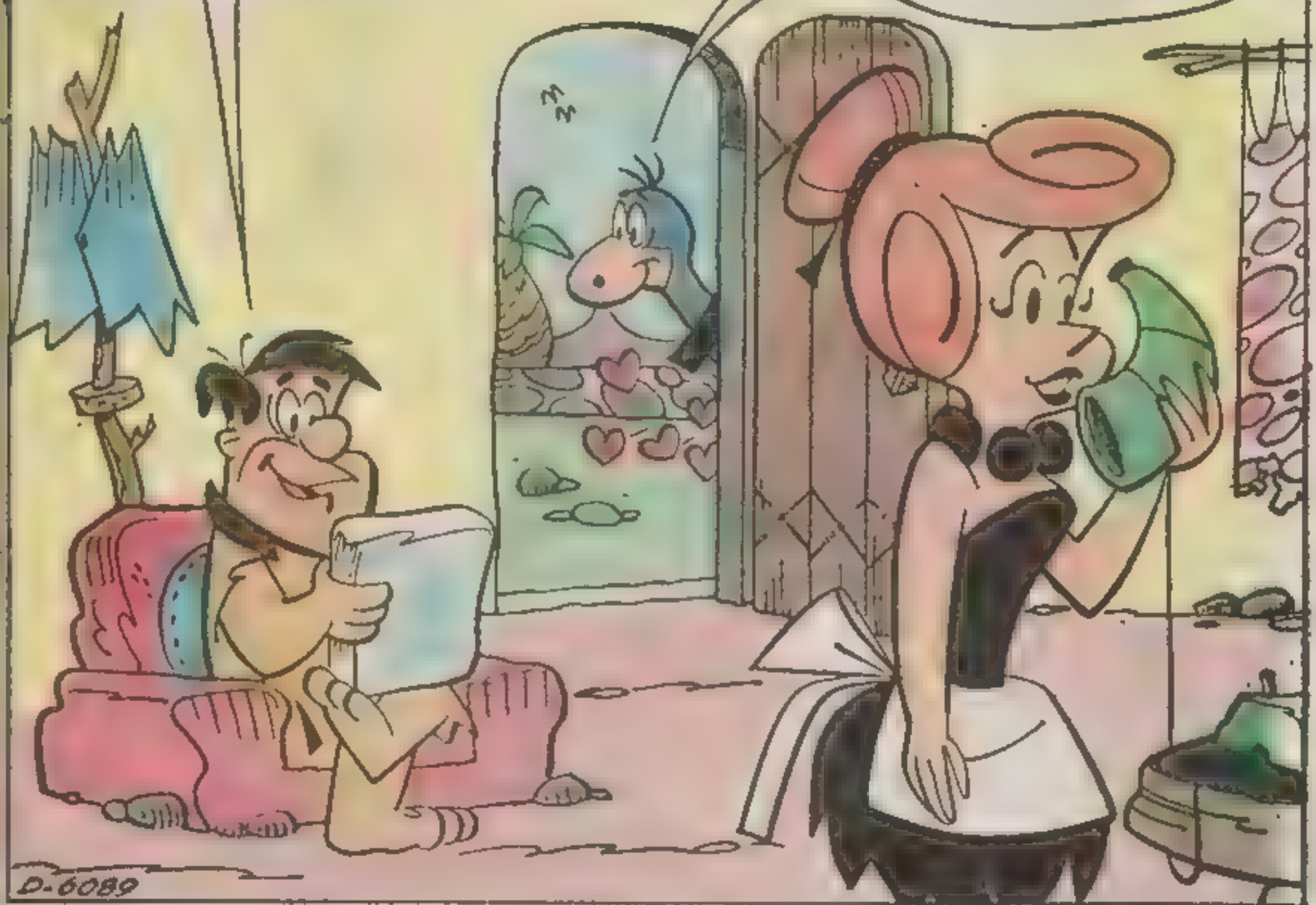




# DINO IN "DINO'S IN LOVE"

A NICE PEACEFUL  
SUNDAY AFTERNOON!

KABLEEF! MEANING:  
"HE'S IN A GOOD MOOD!  
NOW'S THE TIME!"



D-6089

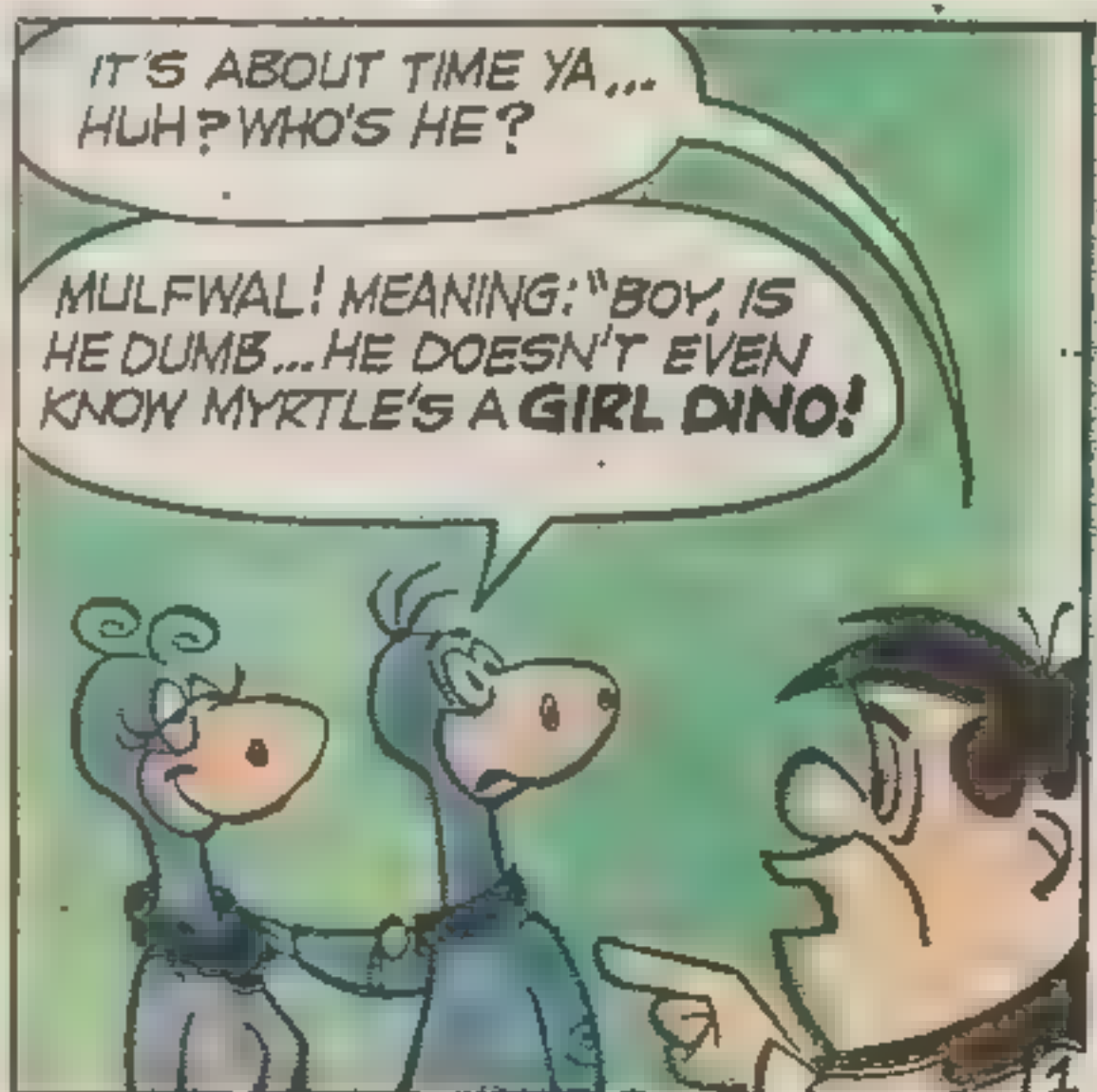
KUBOM!

SOUNDS LIKE DINO'S  
FINALLY HOME! HE'S  
BEEN OUT A LOT  
LATELY! I KINDA  
MISS THE STUPID  
MUTT!

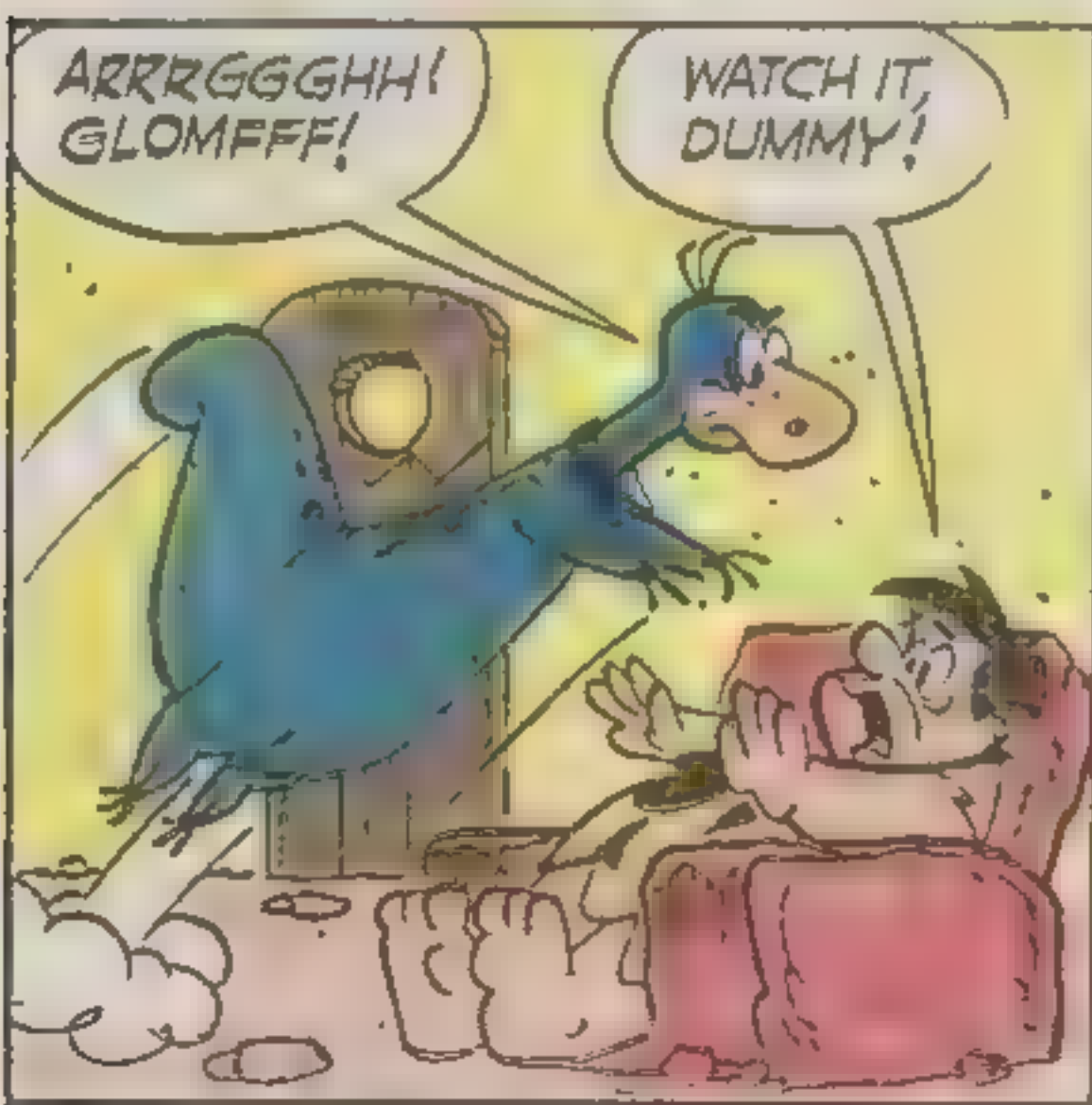
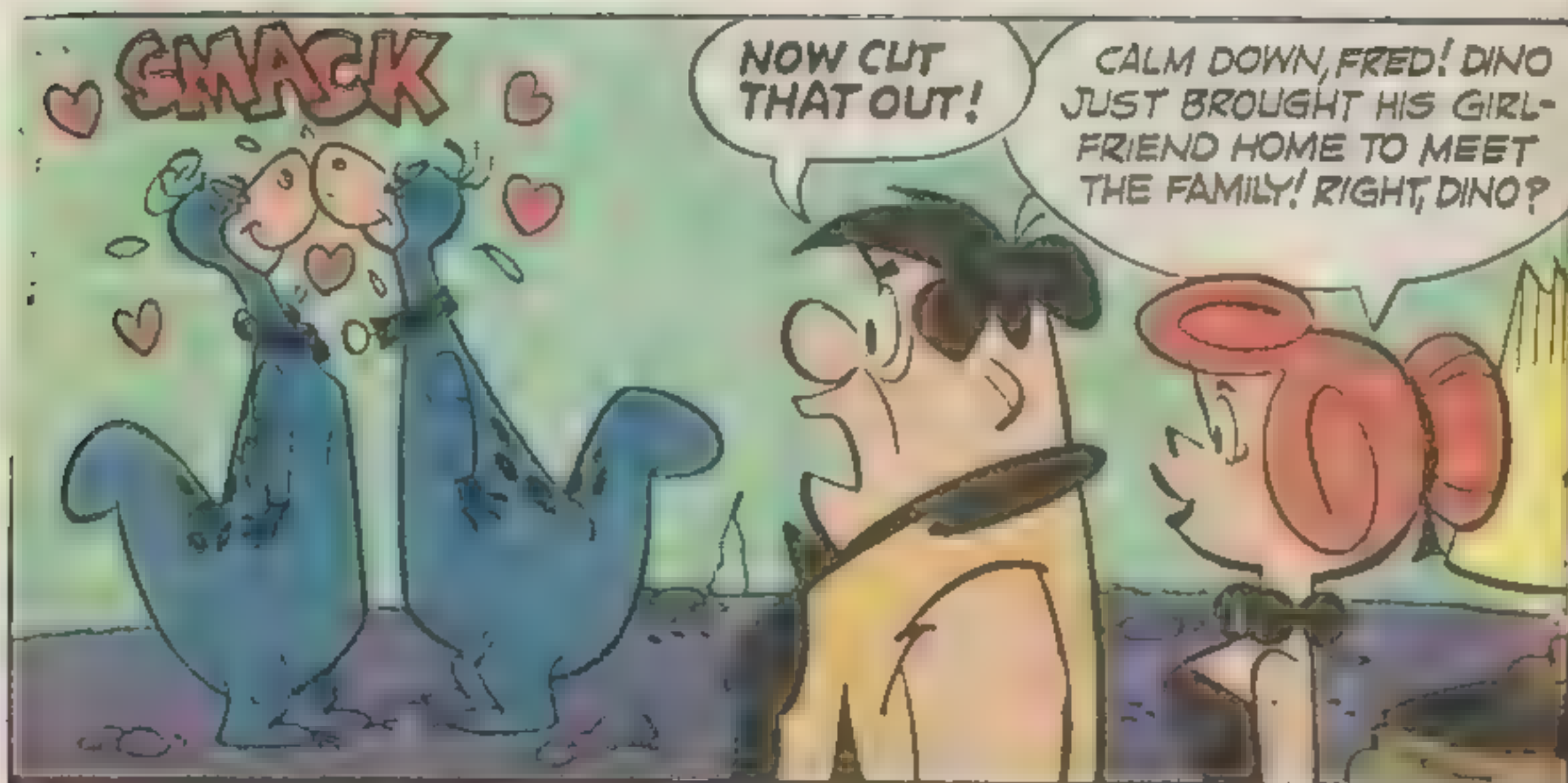


IT'S ABOUT TIME YA...  
HUH? WHO'S HE?

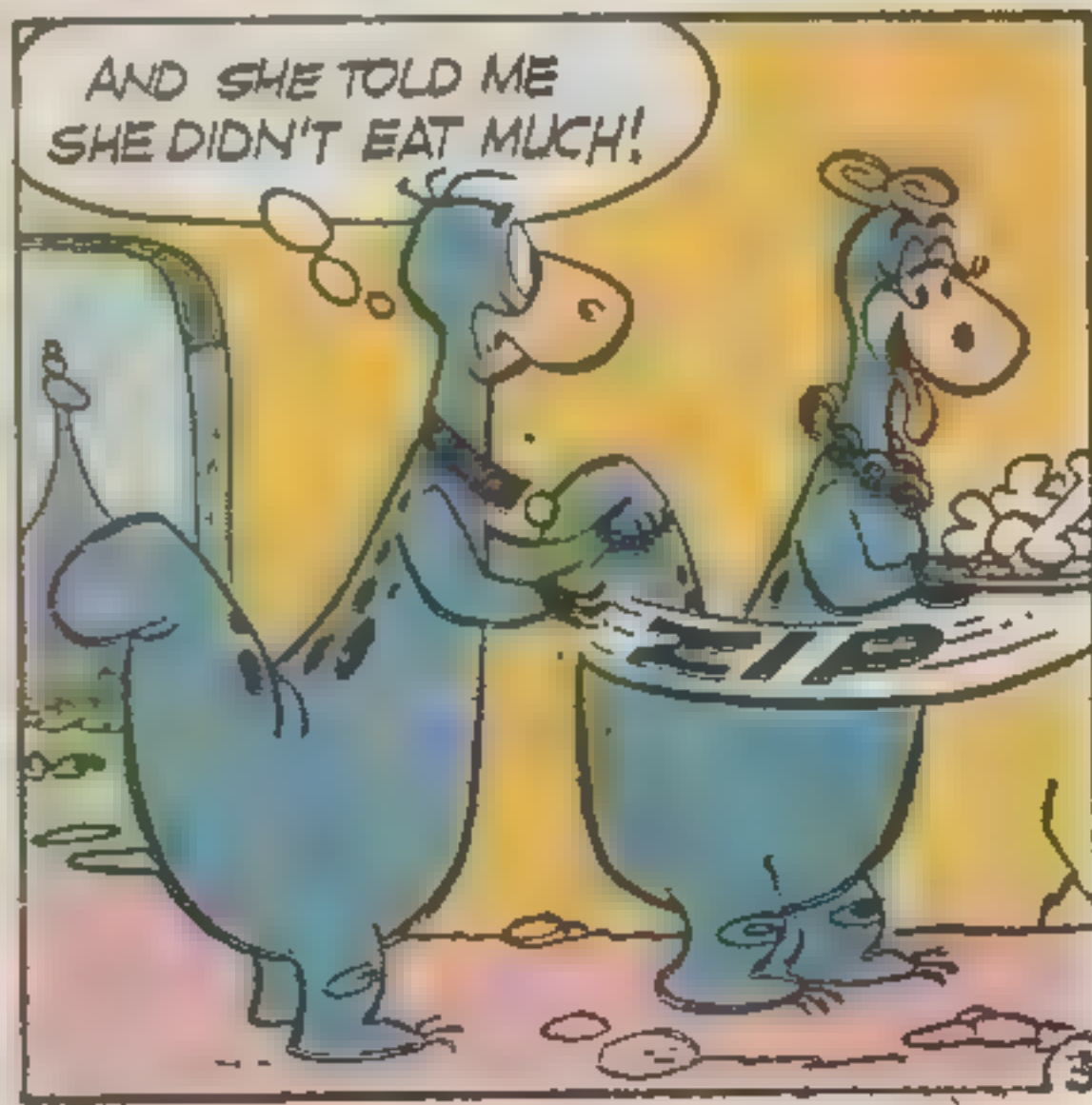
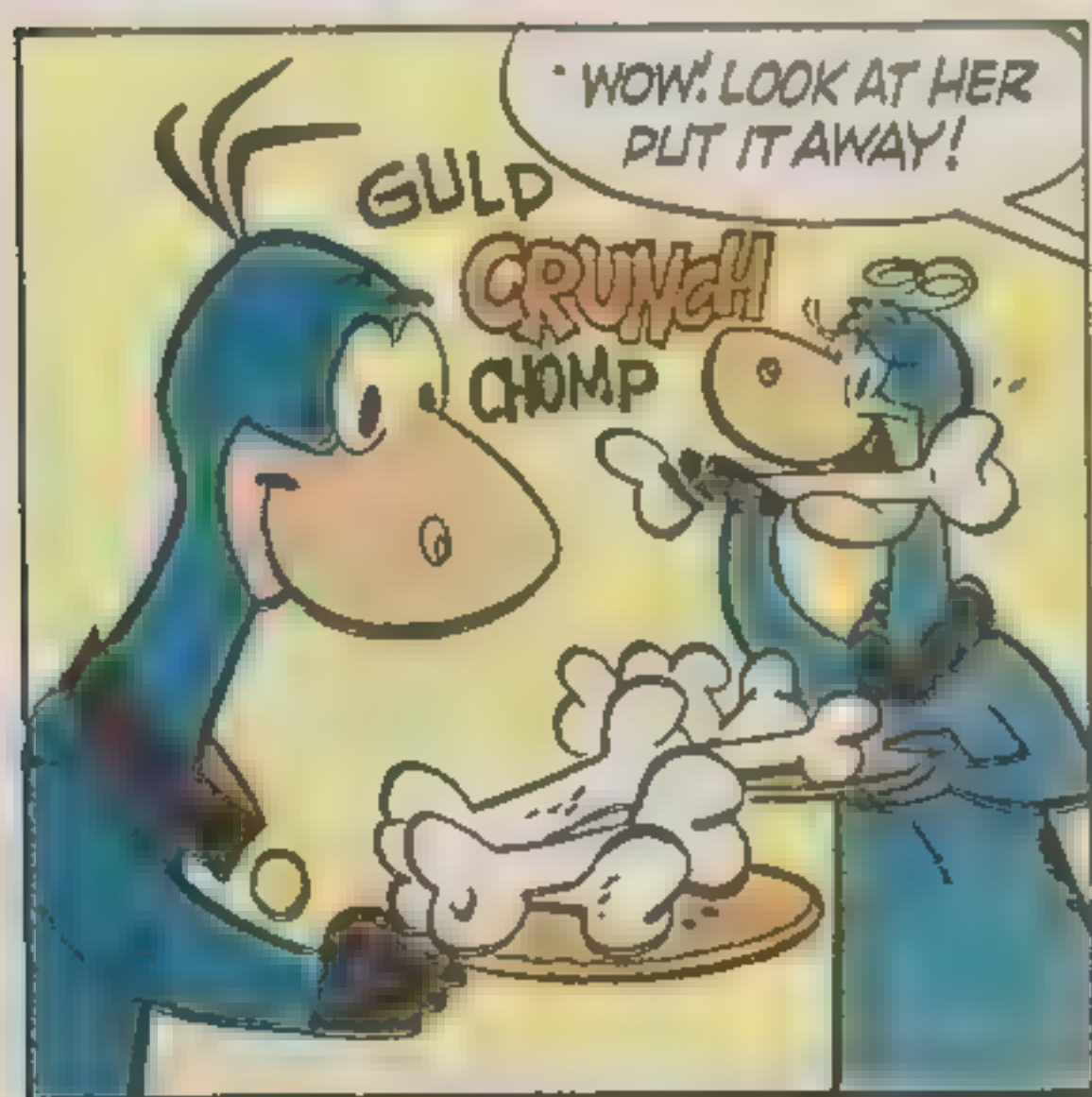
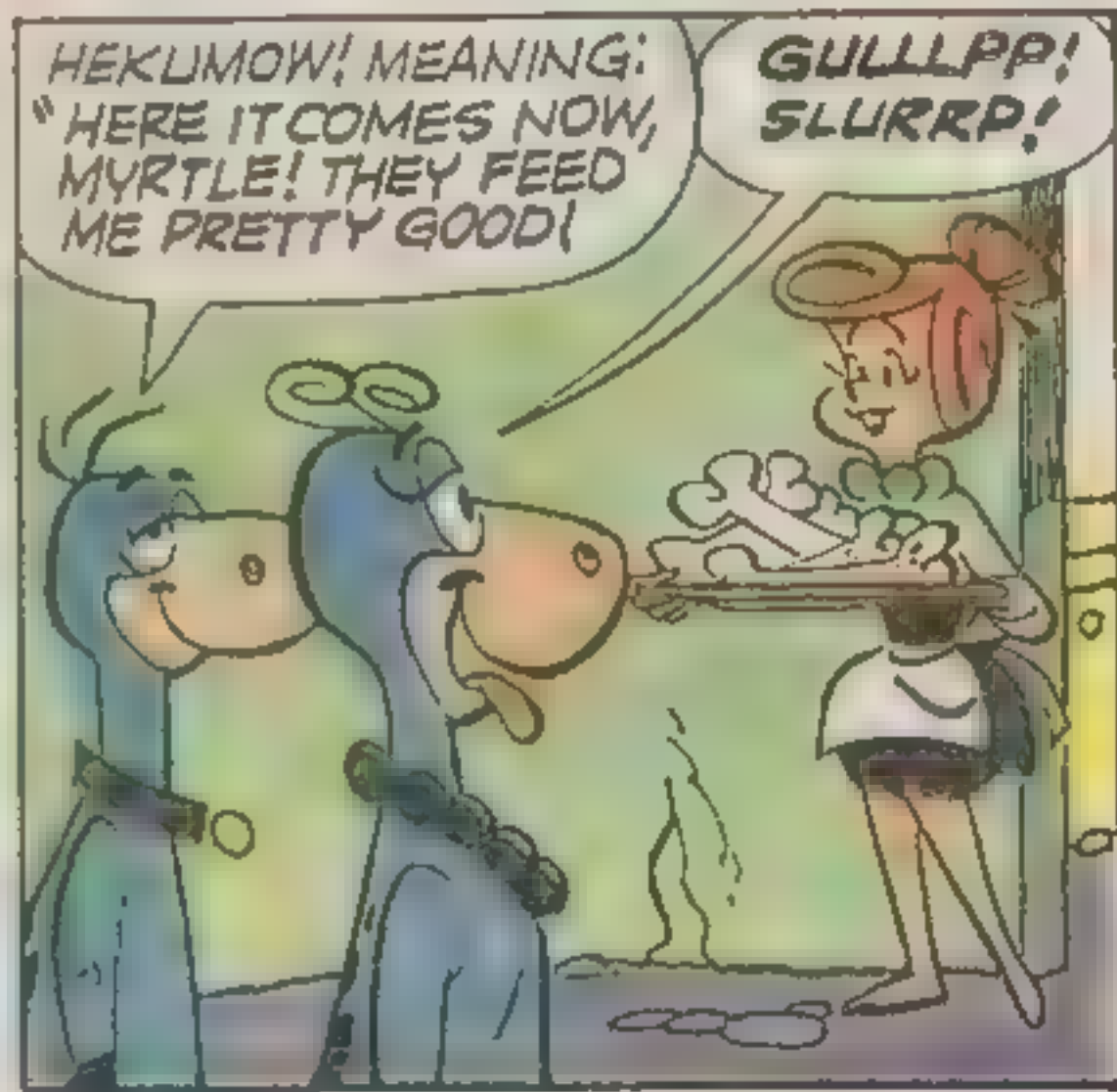
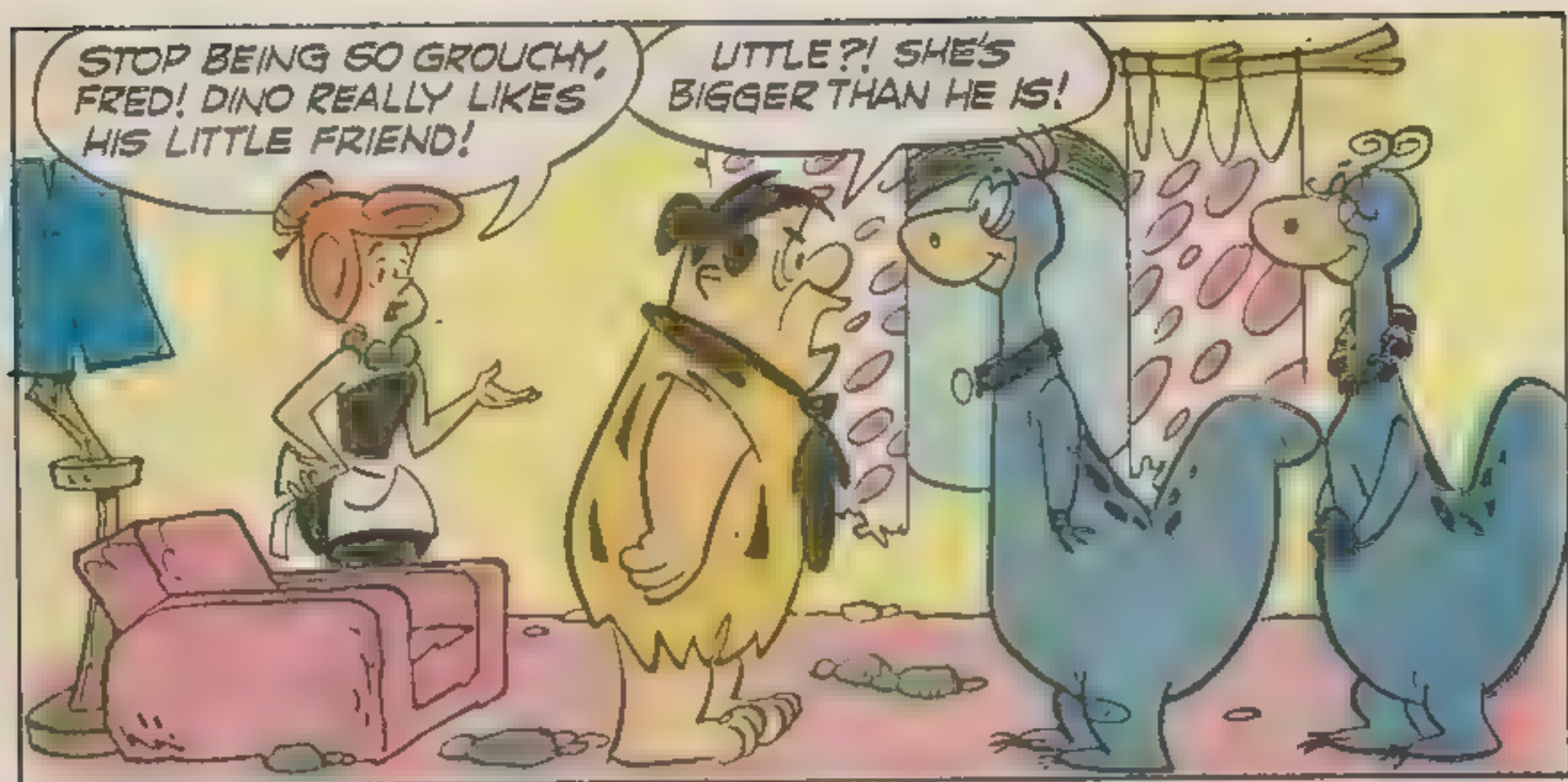
MULFWAL! MEANING: "BOY, IS  
HE DUMB... HE DOESN'T EVEN  
KNOW MYRTLE'S A GIRL DINO!"



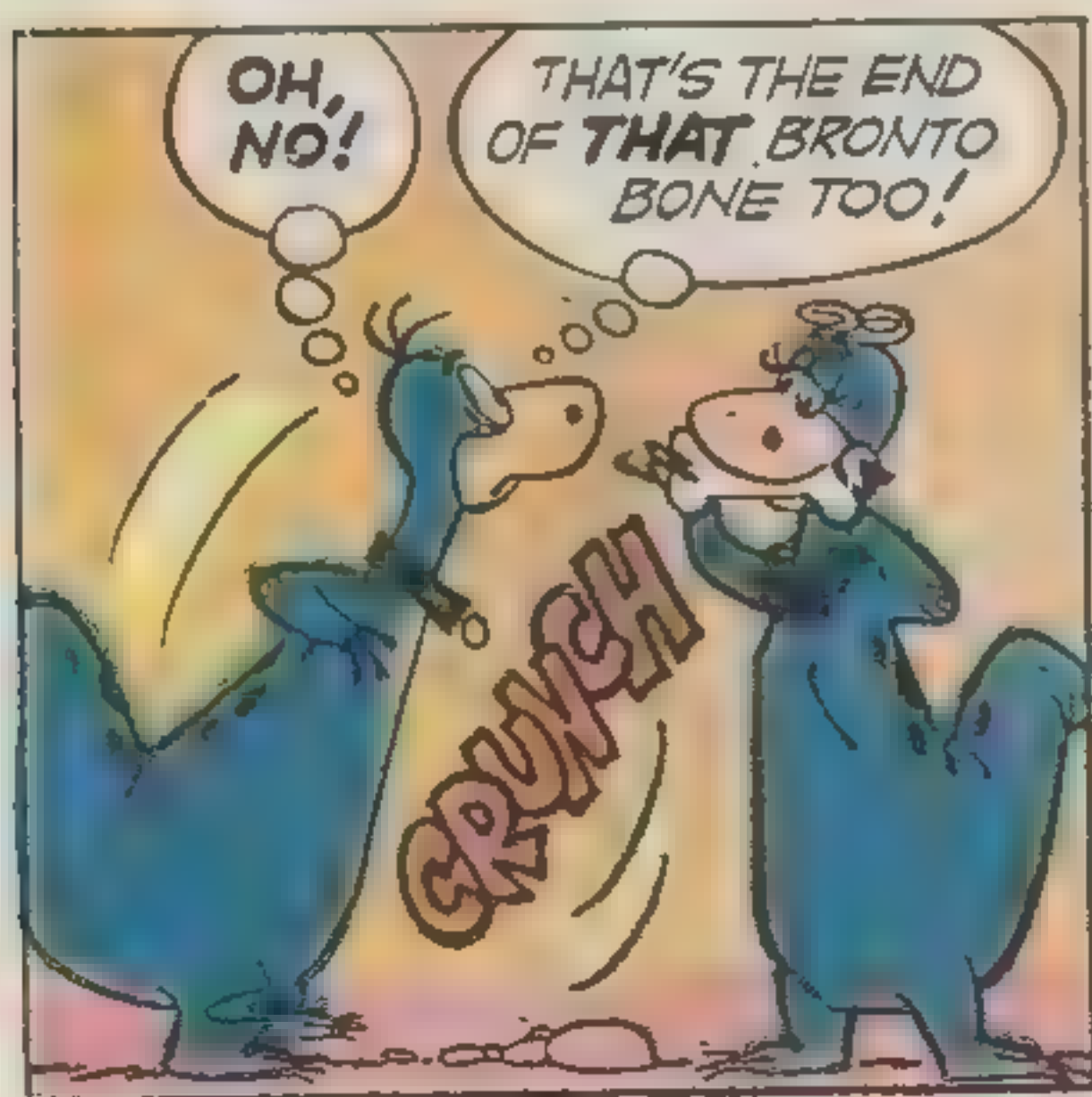
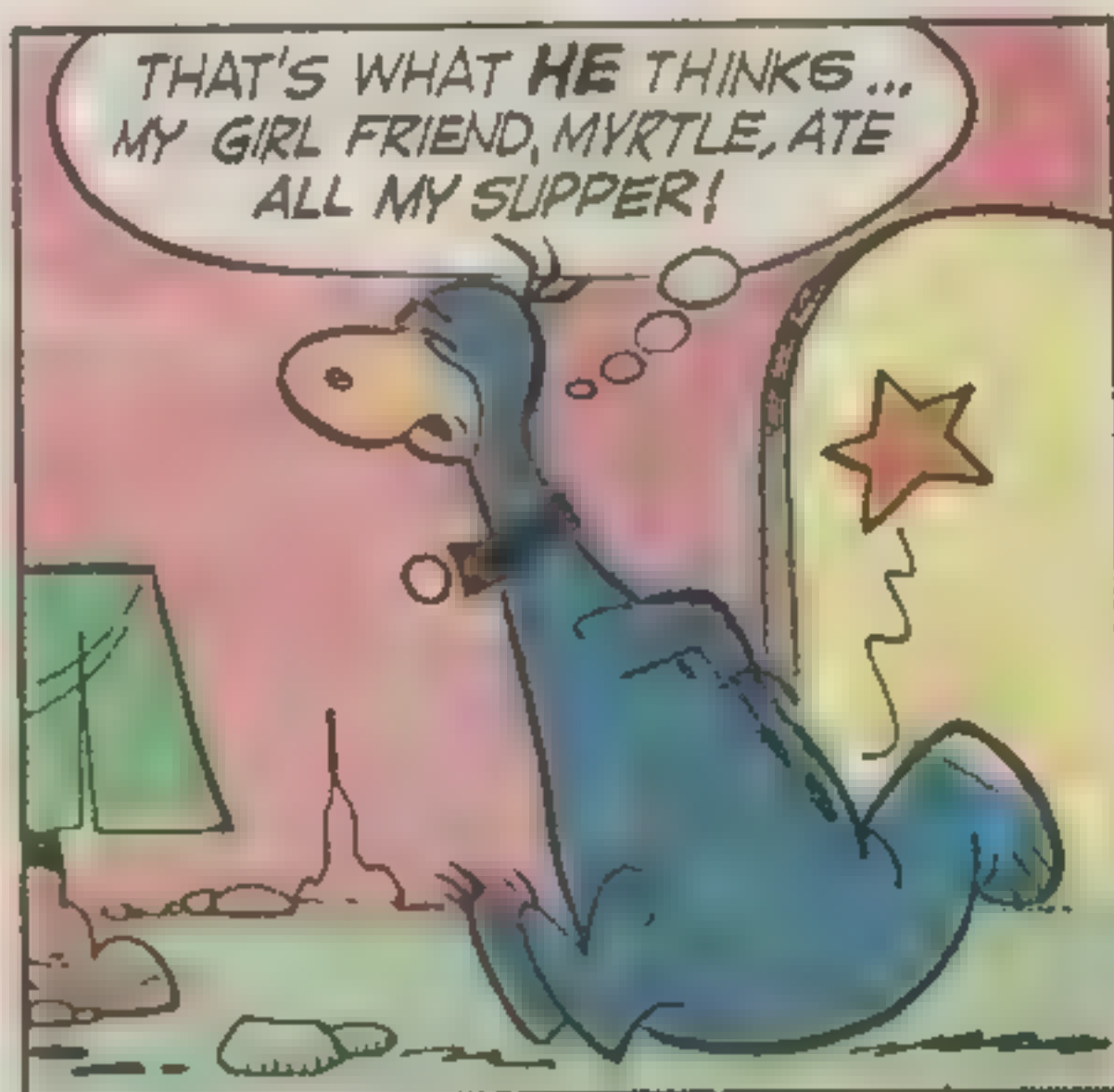
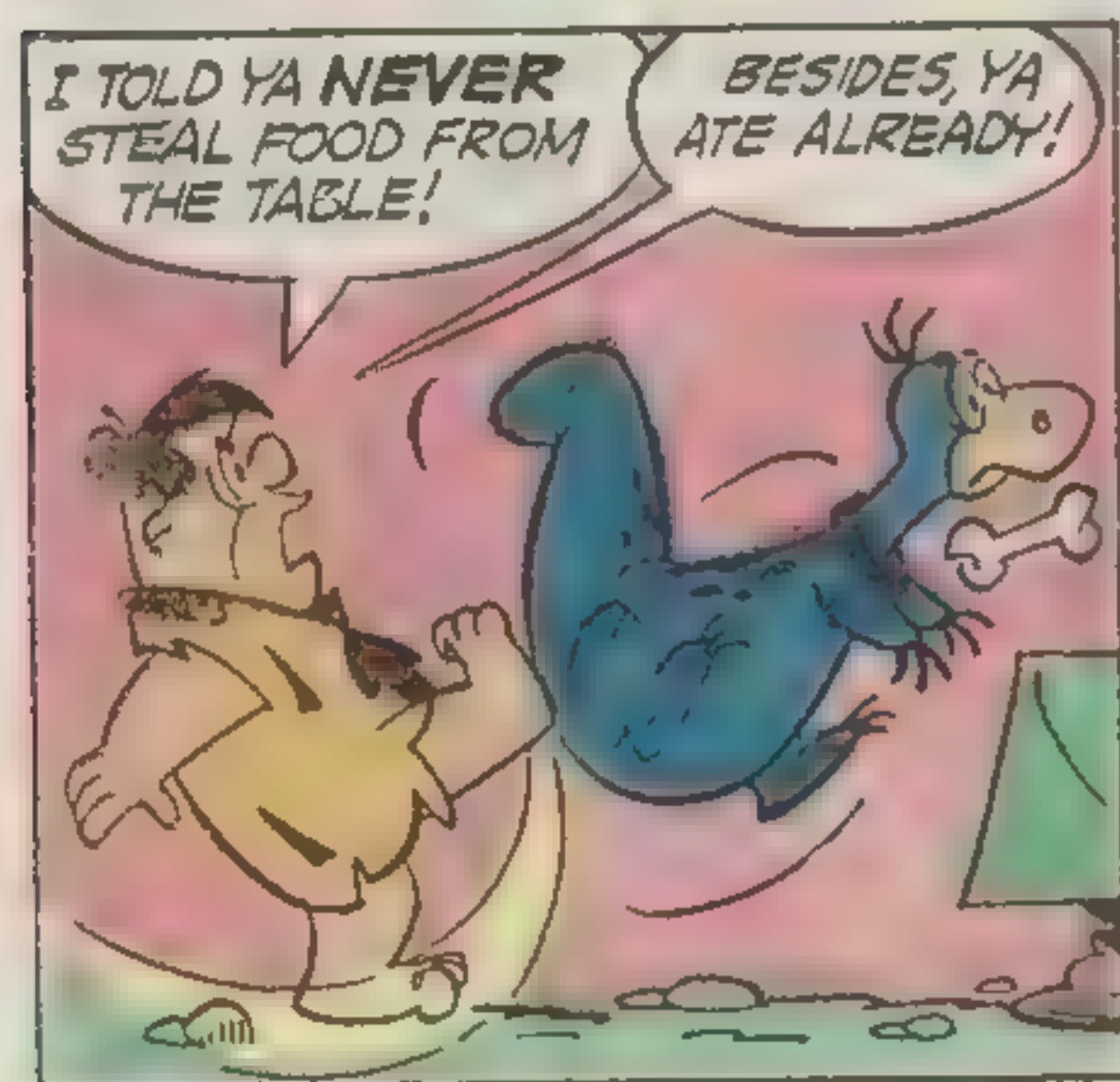
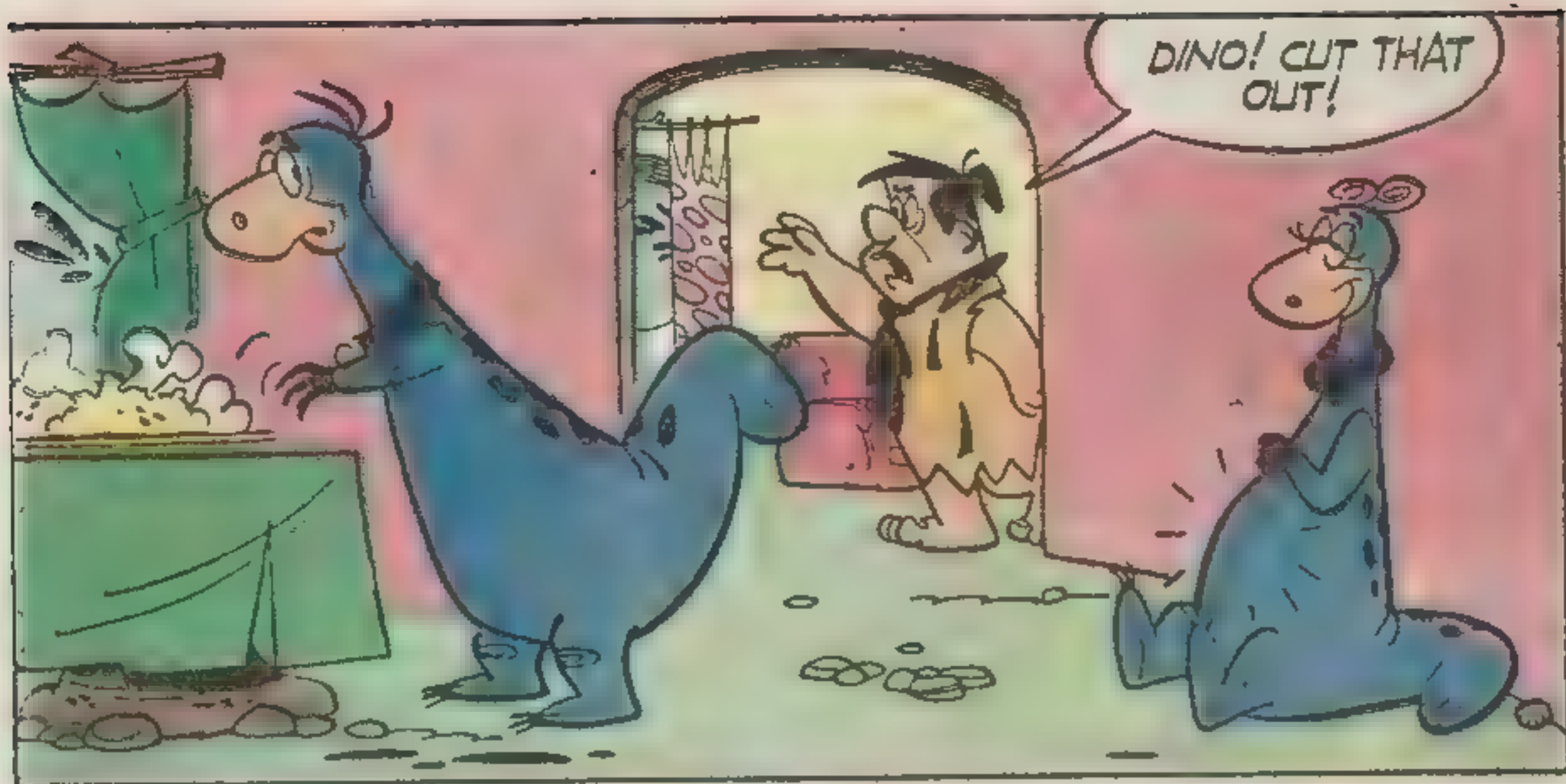




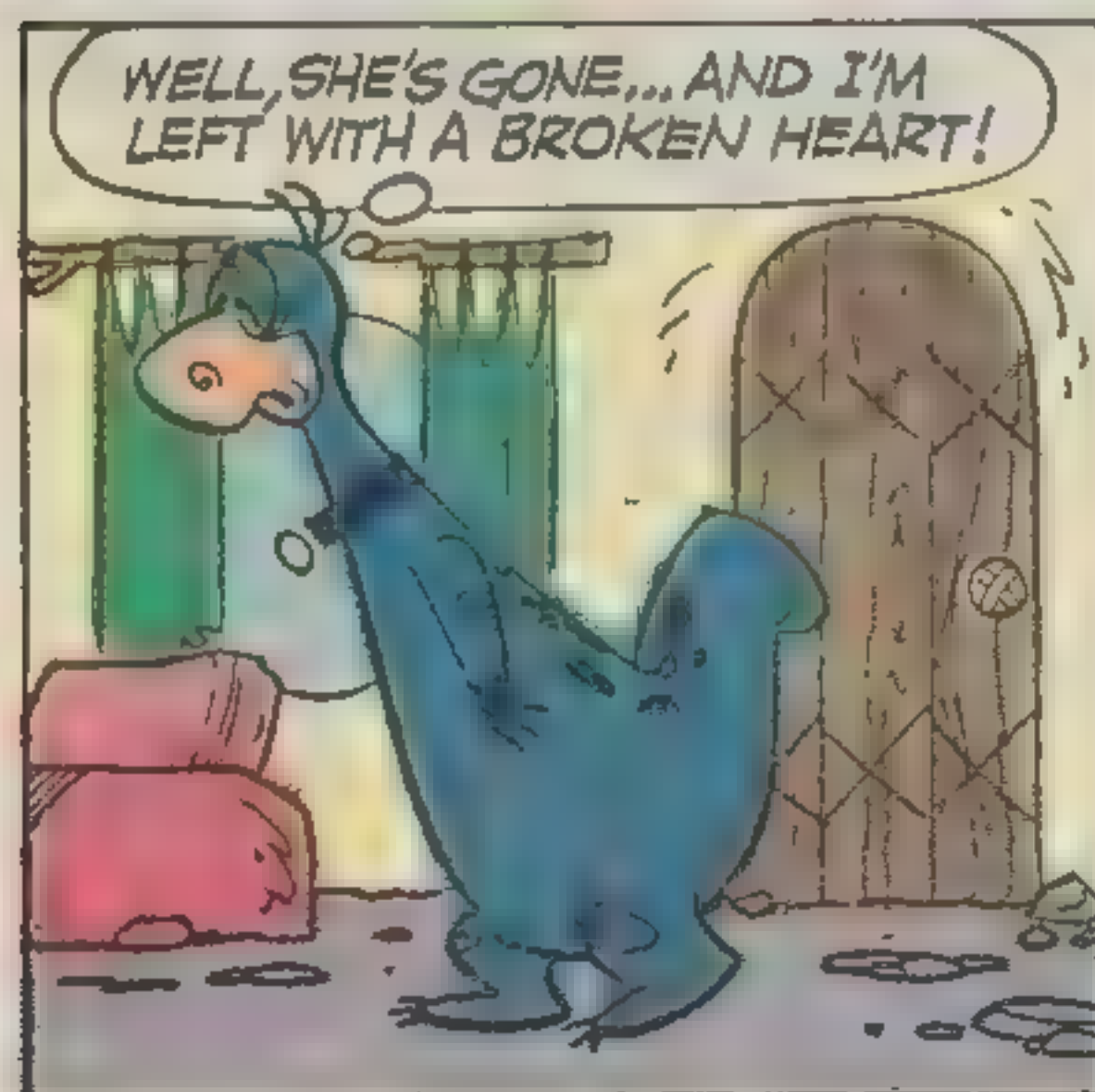








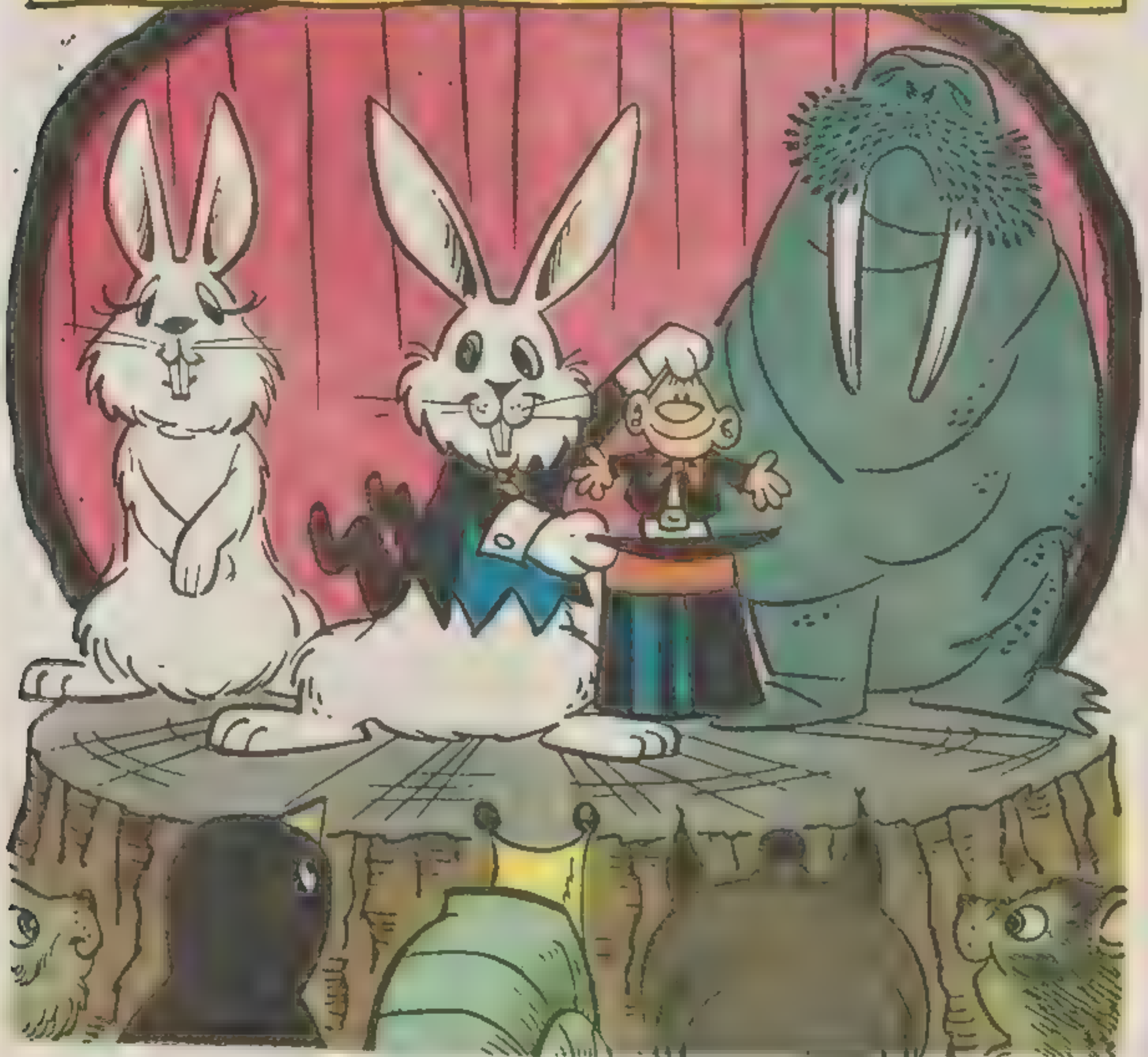






# The Great Escape!

ART: FRANK ROBERGE  
STORY: NICOLA CUTI



Half the woods had gathered at Hollow Log Theater to watch a performance of Max, the Magic Rabbit. Throughout the evening he mystified them by vanishing coins, pulling multicolored silks from empty boxes and causing acorns to float in mid-air; but now it was close to the end of his act, and the audience was anxiously awaiting the grand finale - the big trick which would finish his performance.

"Ladies and gentlemen," announced Waldo, the huge Walrus who acted as the master of ceremonies and business manager for Max, "the magnificent Max will now make the lovely Bunny disappear before your eyes from this cardboard closet."

Waldo stepped aside as Max helped the pretty Bunny into the closet and closed the door on her friendly wink. Then he waved his hands with grand gestures, muttered overly long, sing-songy words and tossed a handful of powder into the air which ex-

ploded into smoke. When Max opened the closet door, Bunny was gone and the audience of chipmunks, foxes, birds and snails clapped enthusiastically (well, everyone but the snails clapped).

Max and Waldo made a deep bow as the curtain came down on another fantastic performance.

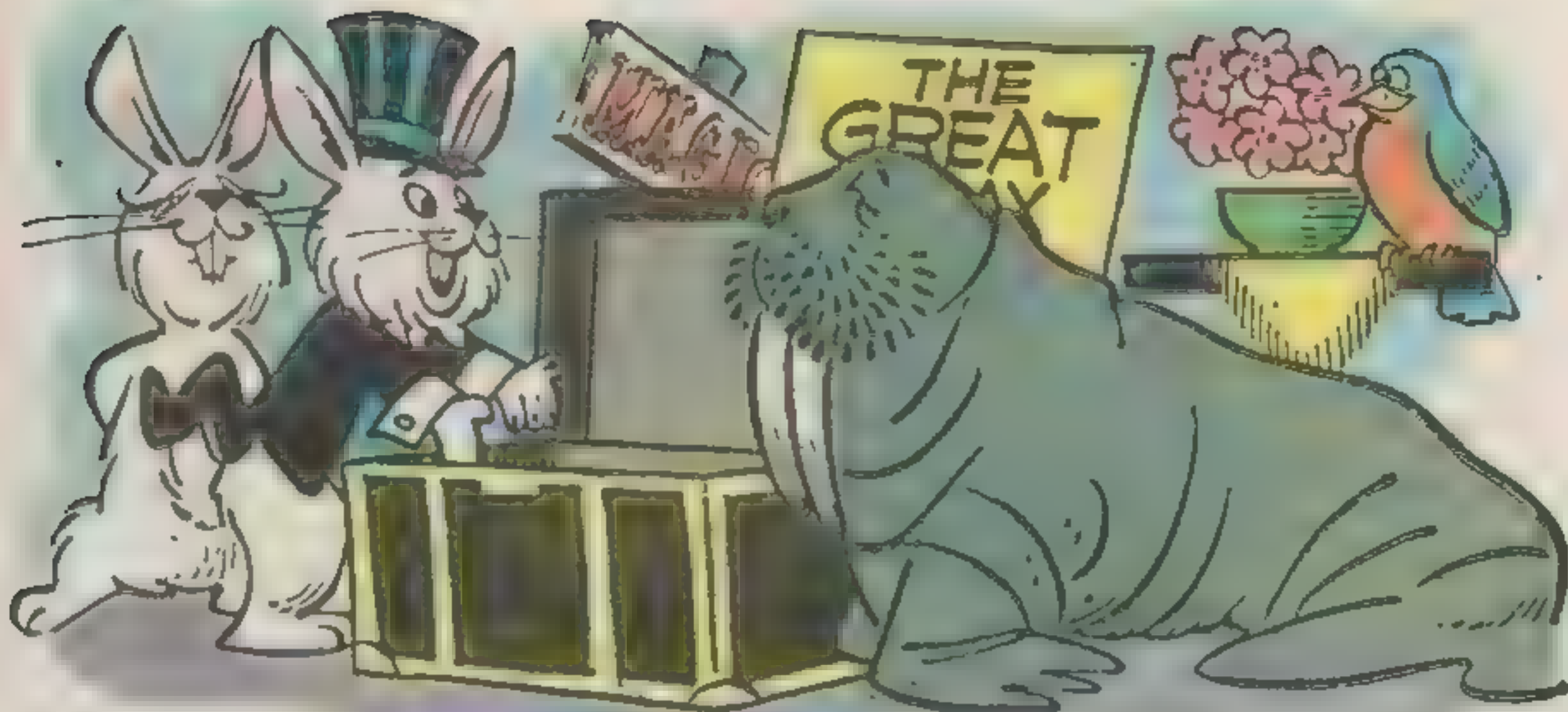
"It wasn't so fantastic," said the critical Max to Waldo. Max's big feet were propped up on his make-up table, and Waldo paced back and forth in Max's dressing room trying to understand what was wrong with the act.

"What do you mean, Max? I thought it was terrific. Everyone in the audience, except for the snails, clapped like crazy. They loved you."

"They thought the act was good but I don't want a good act, Waldo, I want a stupendous act. I want to leave them breathless and astonished."

Waldo tugged on the lapel of his checkered jacket,





which is what he did whenever he became nervous, and pointed a flipper at Max.

"So how are you going to do that?" he asked.

Max plopped his feet on the floor and walked over to a trunk that was filled with his magical props.

"There must be something in there that I can build into a better trick."

Suddenly Max's long, floppy ears stood straight up which meant that he had an idea.

"The trunk! I'll escape from a locked trunk!"

"That doesn't sound very dangerous," remarked Waldo.

"It will be when you drop the trunk in the pond with me handcuffed and locked inside. Can't you picture everyone waiting anxiously on shore, watching the bubbles and wondering if they will ever see my head come bobbing to the surface. Then, all of a sudden, there I am."

"I love it, but how are you going to escape?" asked Waldo with concern.

"Simple! After a spectator examines the trunk to make certain that there are no trap doors you drop the keys inside just before locking the lid. I'll unlock my handcuffs and the trunk and then swim to the surface."

"Good, and we can even have Bunny there to distract the audience when I slip you the keys. Say, where is Bunny?"

"Yoiks," exclaimed Max, "I forgot to make her reappear after I vanished, her! She's still under the stage below the trap door!"

When Max and Waldo found Bunny, she was furious; but after they explained to her about the new trick, she calmed down. She wanted to start working on the trunk escape right away.

When the time arrived for another Magic Show, nearly every animal in the forest came because they had all heard about the Great Trunk Escape, mainly because Waldo had done a thorough job of spreading the word. First, they enjoyed the usual show but they were restless to see the new escape trick and so when Max took his bow at the end of his last trick they all began to shout: "The Great Escape! The Great Escape!"

Waldo came out from backstage.

"Let us all go to the frog pond," he said, "where you will witness one of the most death-defying stunts ever performed!"

At the frog pond Max was handcuffed, and the trunk was examined by Fido the Fox.

"Do you have the keys?" Max whispered to Waldo.

"Of course," whispered Waldo reassuringly, "they're right here in my pocket."

"I'll distract the audience now," said Bunny as she smiled and waved to everyone., "Do you have the keys?"

"Yes," said Waldo, a little annoyed, "They're right here in my pocket!"

Max stepped inside the trunk and the trunk lid was closed over him and locked. Then Waldo and Fido shoved the prop trunk into the murky water. It went into the pond with such a large splash that the first row of the audience was drenched with water.



A long time passed but Max didn't rise to the surface. Bunny was worried.

"He should be out by now. Are you sure that you brought the keys?"

"I brought them. They're right here ... IN MY POCKET!"

Waldo had forgotten to put the keys in the trunk.

Max was rescued by the frogs who leaped into the pond and broke the trunk open. When the soggy rabbit finally reached shore, he discovered that the absent-minded Walrus had performed a magic trick of his own. Waldo had disappeared.

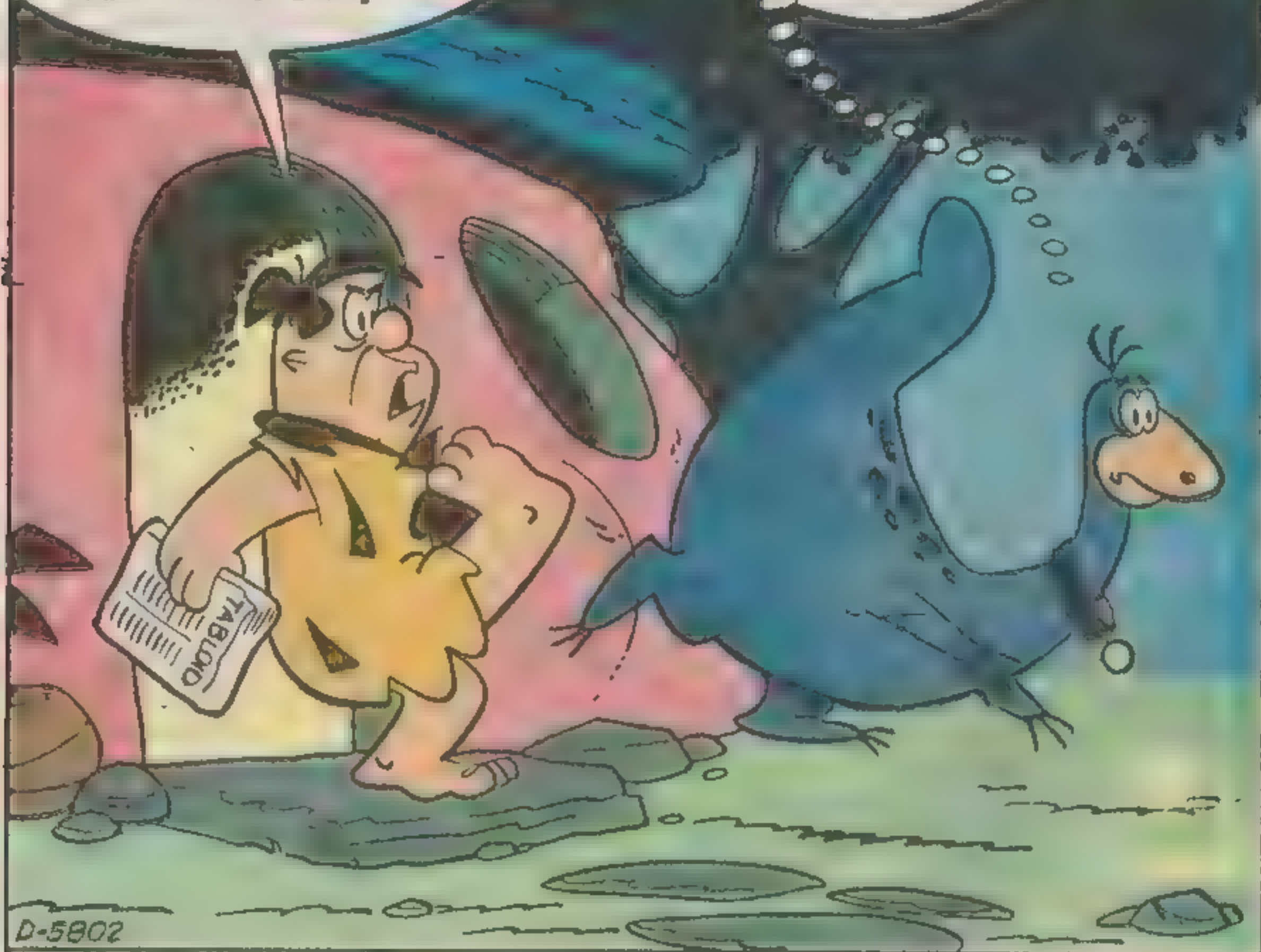
END



# DINO IN "EYEWITNESSES!"

I TOLD YA TA STAY OUTA MY CHAIR! NOW GET OUT AND STAY OUT!

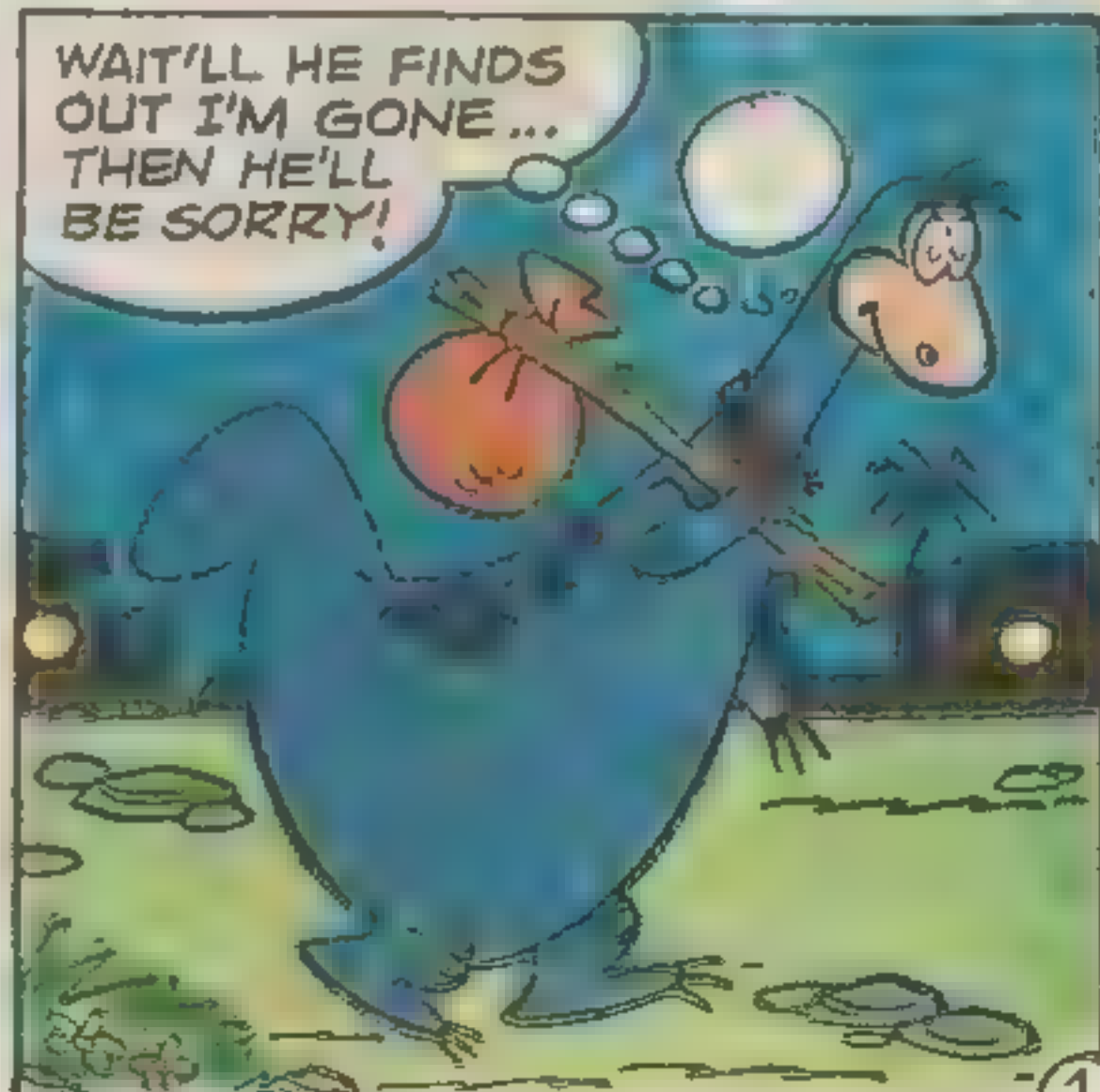
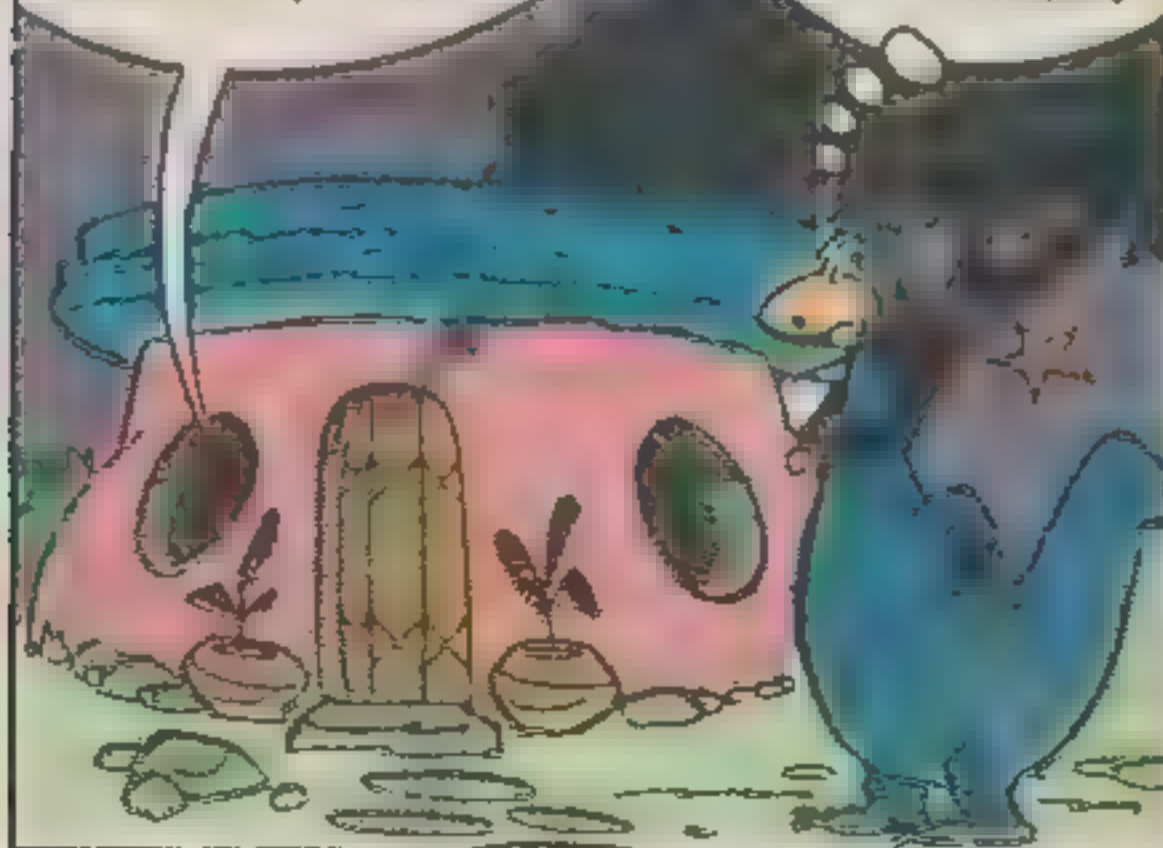
I THINK HE'S MAD AT ME!



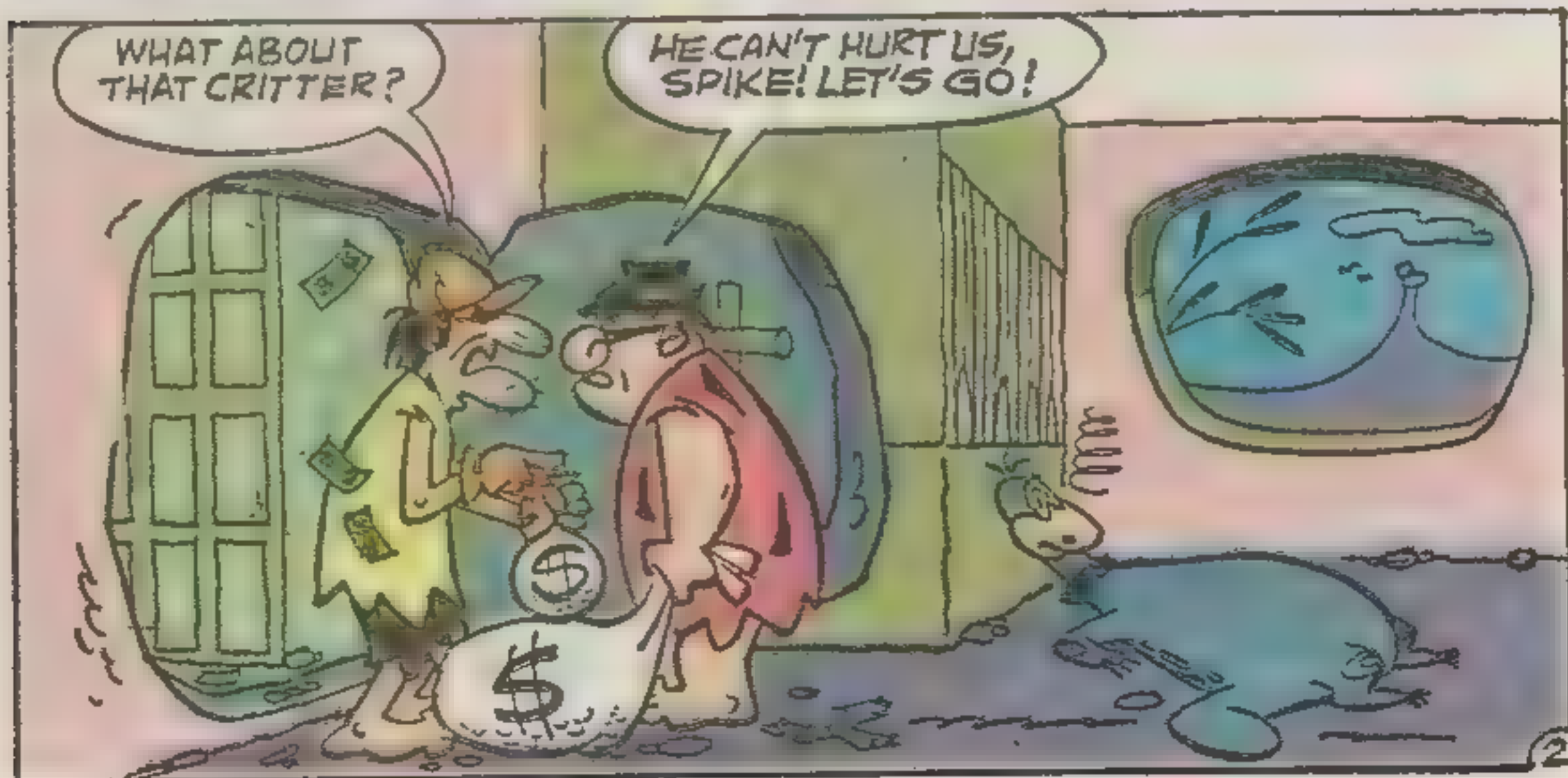
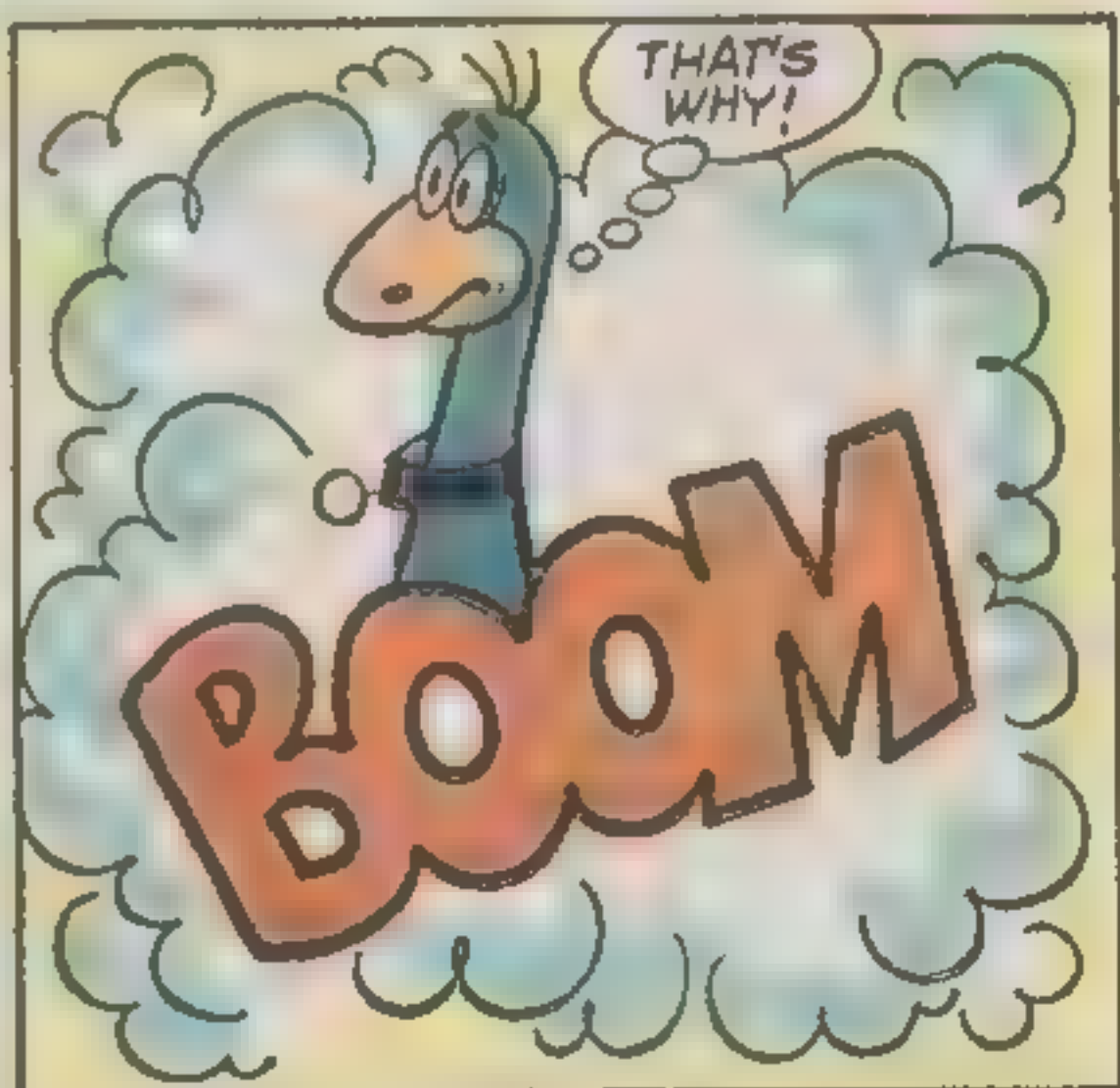
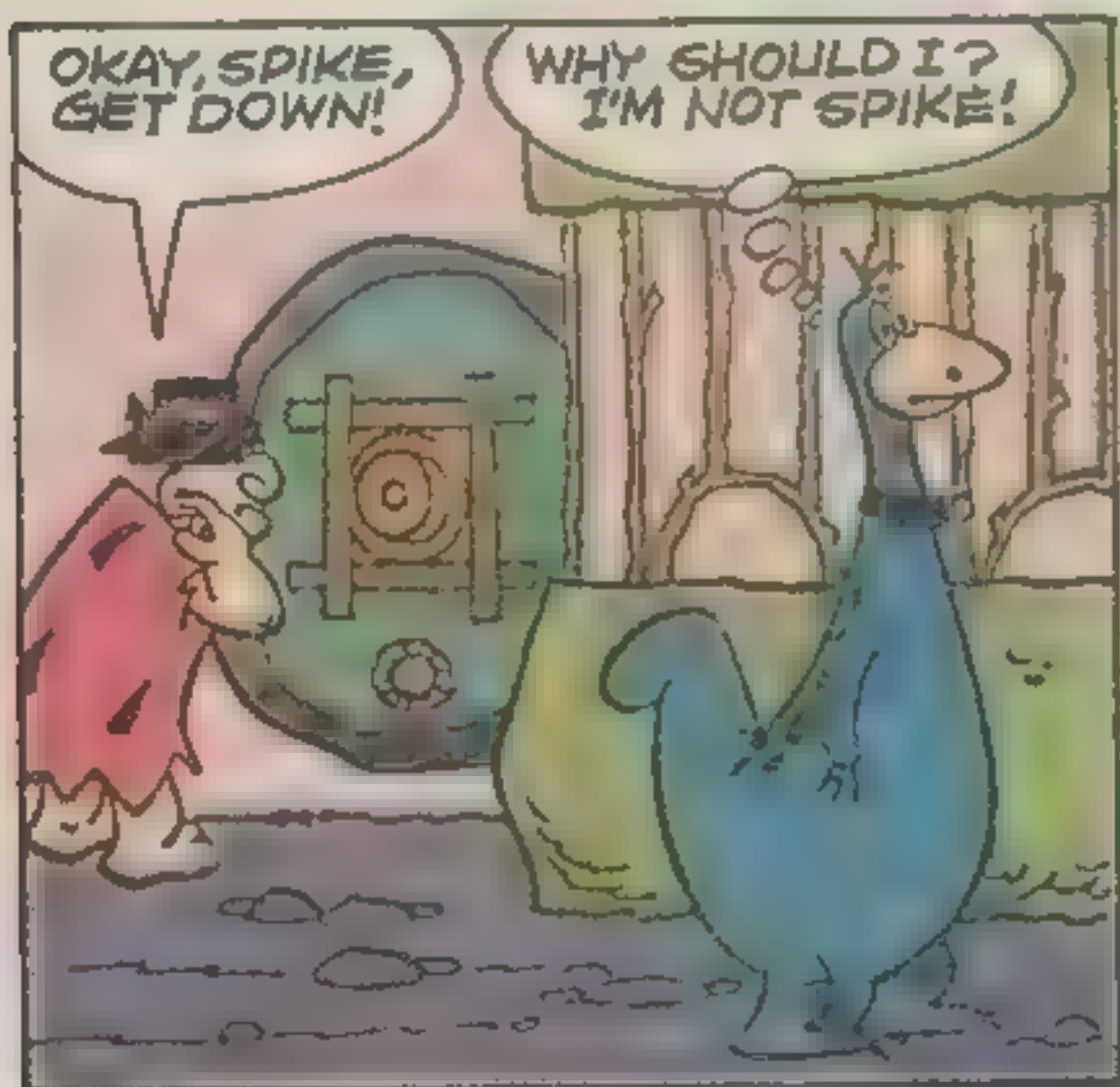
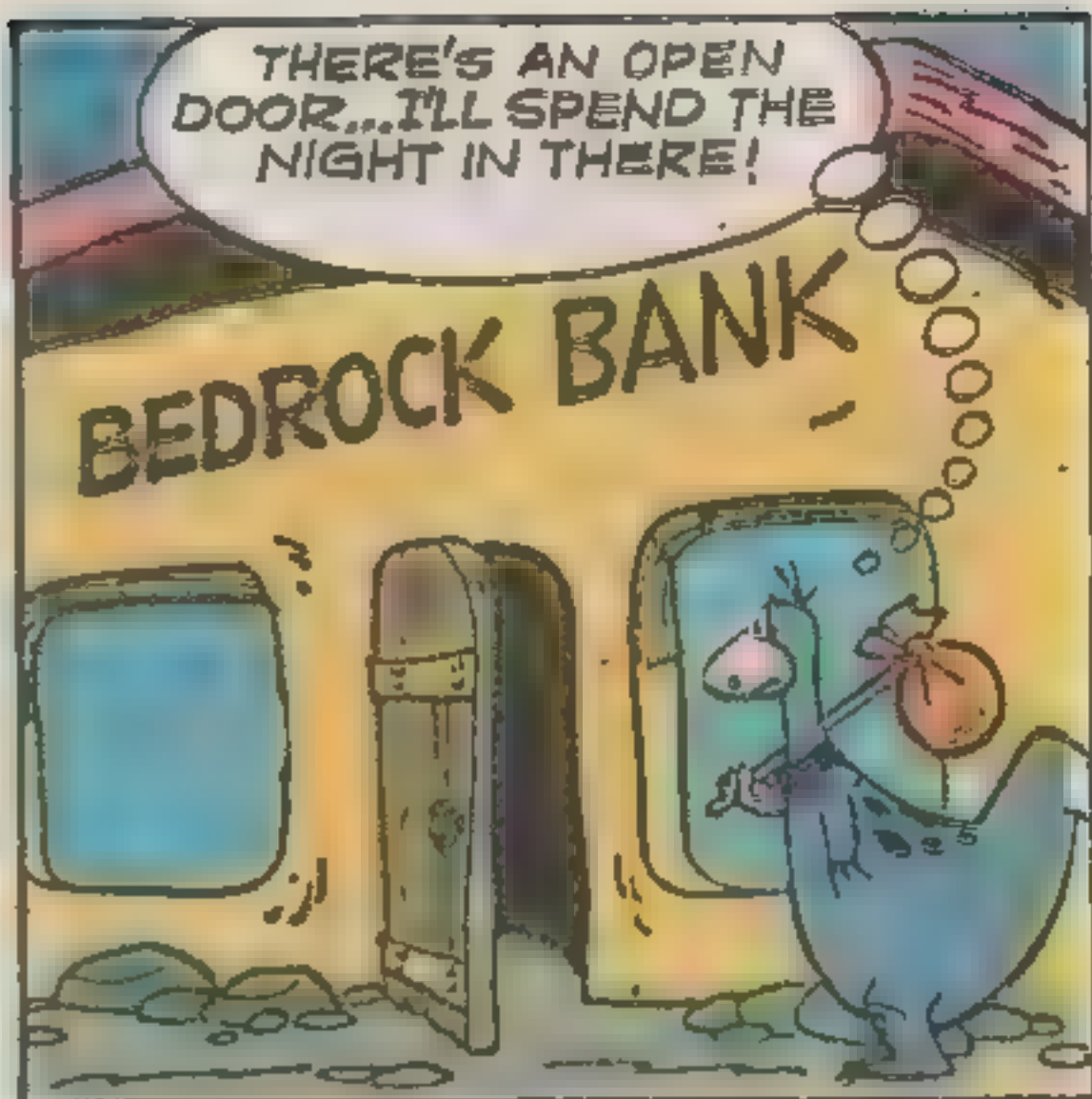
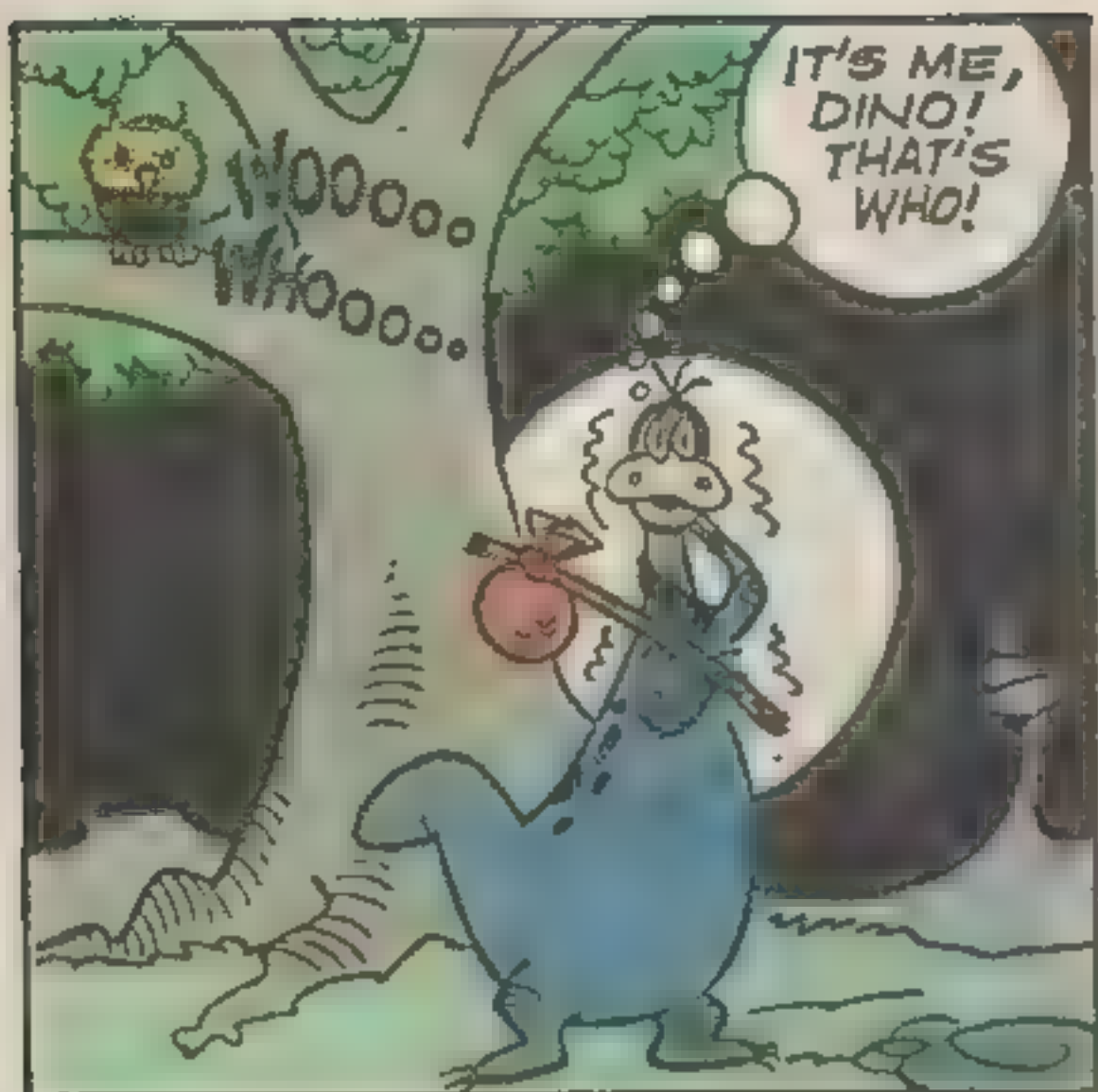
YOU SHOULDN'T BE SO MEAN TO DINO, DEAR.... HE'S A VERY SENSITIVE ANIMAL!

I DON'T HAVE TO TAKE THAT STUFF! I'LL RUN AWAY FROM HOME!

WAIT'LL HE FINDS OUT I'M GONE... THEN HE'LL BE SORRY!



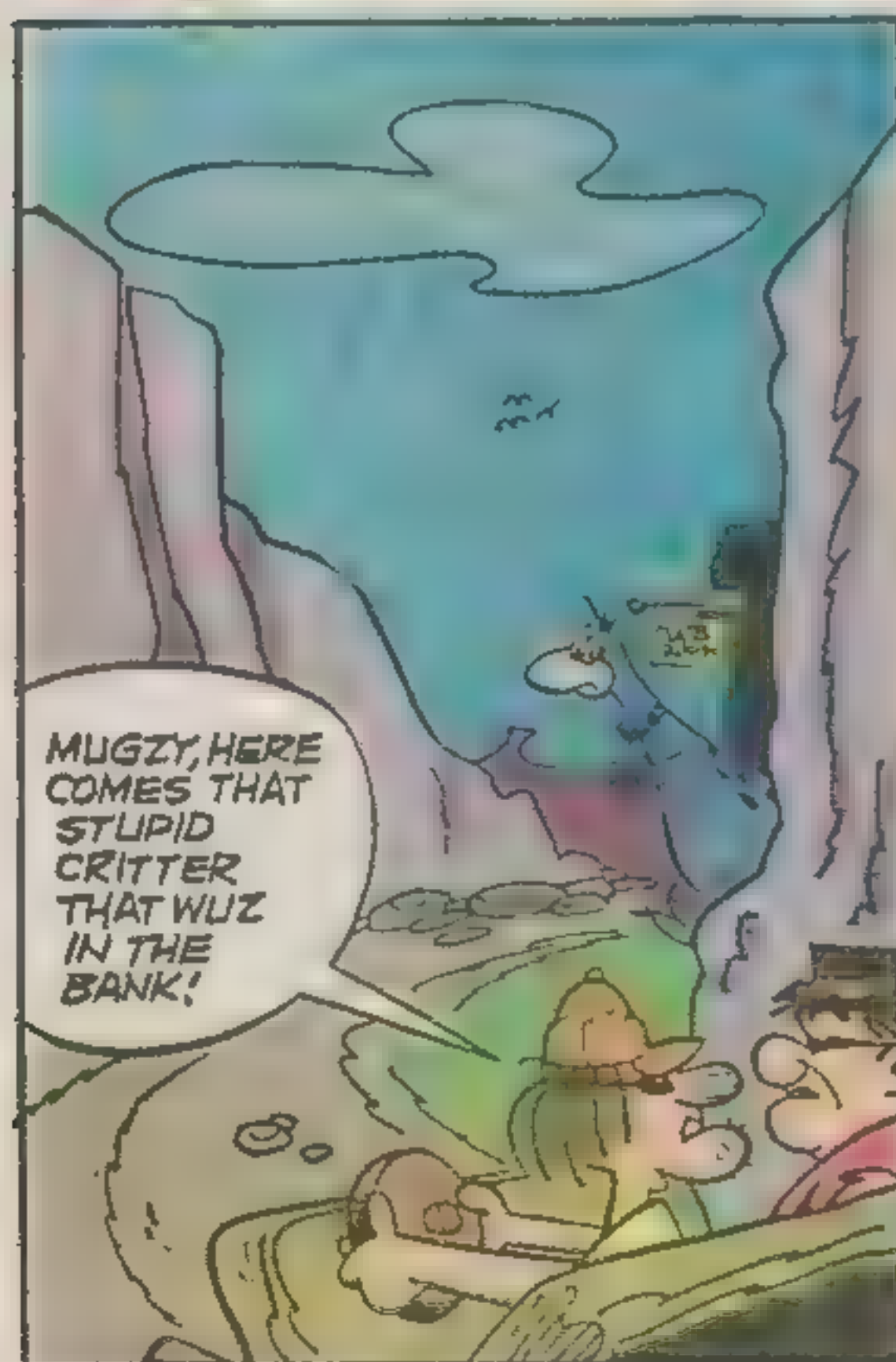
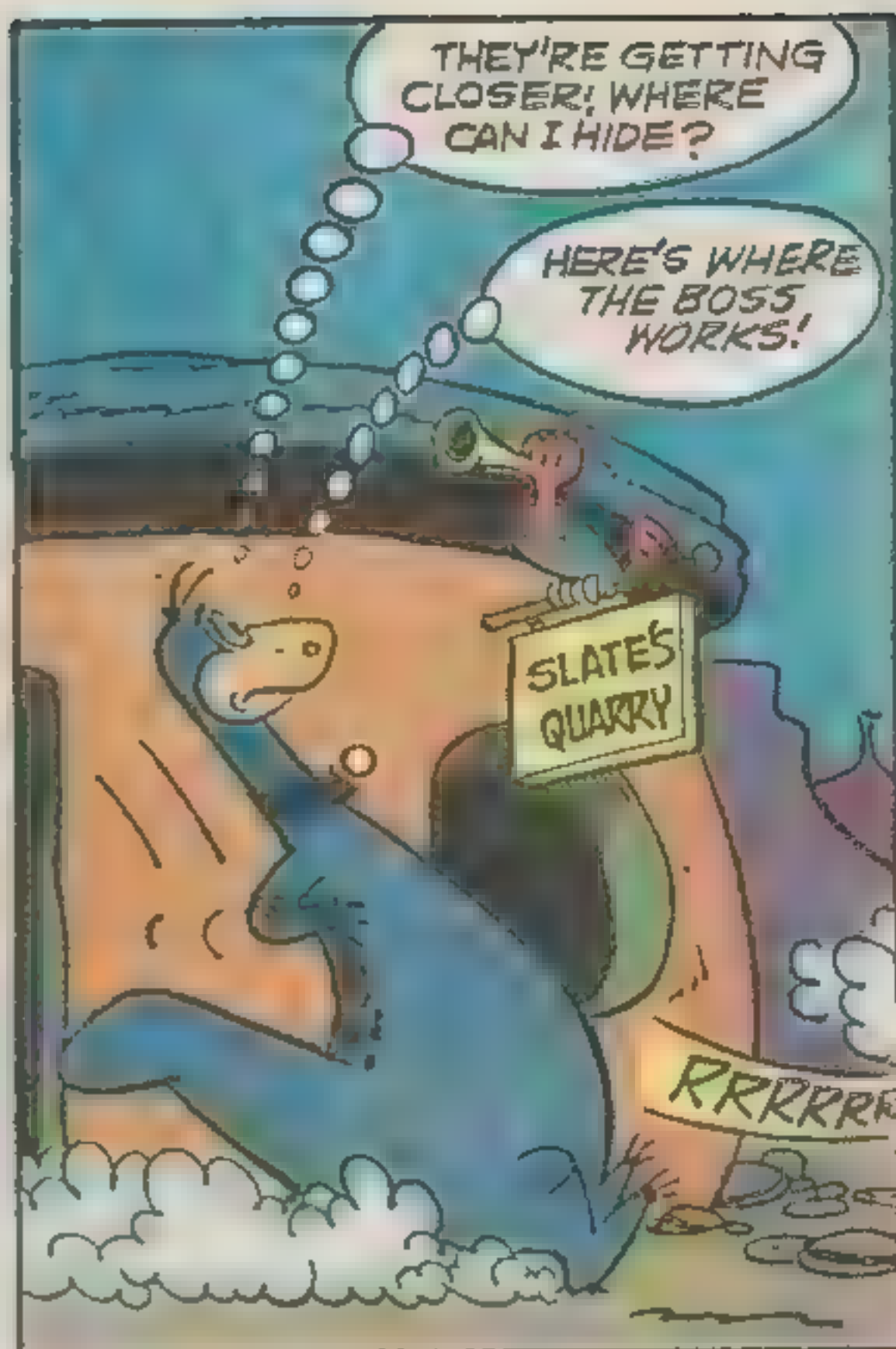




















CONTINUED AFTER FOLLOWING PAGE







# DINO

in ----- "RUSH ORDER"

FRED, GUESS WHAT... WE DON'T HAVE A THING IN THE PANTRY TO FEED DINO!

WELL, WHAT DO YOU EXPECT ME TO DO?... WALK DOWN TO THE STORE?!

